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WHAT'S FREEDOM

C. LEWIS HIND

A COMMENTARY ON THE PLAY "FREEDOM"

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"WHAT'S FREEDOM?"

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BY

C. LEWIS HIND

A COMMENTARY ON

"FREEDOM"

A PLAY

BY E. LYALL SWETE AND C. LEWIS HIND

NEW YORK
MITCHELL KENNERLEY
1918

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Dedication

To King Alfred, to Abraham Lincoln,
to all who dreamed the dream of Freedom,
and strove to make it real

Anglo-Saxon Freedom

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

Wordsworth

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"WHAT'S FREEDOM?"

PROLOGUE

HOW "FREEDOM" BECAME A PLAY

IT was bed-time, but not sleep-time, and the hour was big with rumors.

For there had been thrilling (unofficial) war-news that day, and the two children,—a town boy, and a boy from a remote state—wakeful in their cots, were talking child-mind strategy. They differed as children will; they wrangled concerning the merits of Foch and Pershing, but as sleep closed in upon them, their partisanship became fainter and fickler. Suddenly, the elder boy, as if ending all argument, and in a voice charged with exultation, cried—"My daddy died for Freedom."

To which the other replied: "What's Freedom?"

Sometimes, it happens, that a chance remark, heard or read, assumes instant and paramount im-

portance. Thus it was with that artless question —"What's Freedom?"

I returned to my room brooding, and quickly realized that I should do nothing else, think little else, until I had answered in the simplest way, in the clearest language, that boy's question—"What's Freedom?" He is provincial and pathetically ignorant; to him the world outside the remote town where he lives is as unreal as the world of giants and fairies; to him the Freedom, civil and religious, of his parental home is merely natural; his unquestioned birthright; as customary and expected as his morning meal. He must be shown that the Freedom which he enjoys, and will continue to enjoy when he grows up, as a citizen of the American Republic, is his possession only because of the long, hard fight made through centuries and centuries for Freedom by men and women, his forerunners, speaking his tongue, who suffered and soared that the world might in the long end be made wholly free. Step by step they fought the hard fight, backwards and forwards, here gaining, there losing, dying for Freedom, dying happy, because they knew that others would continue the struggle; on, on, to what everybody hopes and prays is the last great blow for Freedom

—the present war, in which the daddy of the little town boy died.

. . . . . .

I will tell him, (so ran my plan) that there have been good kings, as well as bad kings; good commoners as well as bad commoners; that no government, and no religion, is stainless from the stain of crime, cruelty and bloodshed; that our ancestors fought not so much against kings, popes and governments as against principalities and powers of evil, the lust for dominion, earth-grab, gain and greed. I will show him that it is only by following the gleam, only by being on God's side—that is, on Love's side—that the Day can ever arrive for which the great army of free and blessed dead longed. I will show him that no one is too small and insignificant to take his share in the fight for Freedom; that it is quite true, as Tolstoy said: "There is only one way of saving mankind, that is to become better yourself"; that our acts have incalculable consequences; that all fine and great deeds are bound together by chains of gold, growing stronger and brighter as the centuries groan past; that the effect of America enjoying to-day perfect religious freedom may be traced

back, step by step, to a cause, to one man, to John Wyclif, the "Morning Star" of the rights of conscience, the begetter of religious freedom. Our world, which has sworn to cut the knot of militarism, is out of touch with arrogant kings, angry at their silly claim to divine right, bored by their preposterous pedigrees. The spiritual descent of Ralph Waldo Emerson, American, from Wyclif, Englishman, is of more value to the world than the pedigree of any king. I will tell this little boy how civil freedom leapt forward in the Charter of Liberties wrested from Henry 1st in 1101, the earliest written restriction upon the despotism of a King; how the rights of the people were claimed once and for all, and forever, on the day when King John, in the fair island meadow of Runnymede, was forced to sign the Great Charter of Freedom; and I will tell him, too, among other high matters, how his ancestors formed those two great bulwarks of Freedom—Trial by Jury, and Parliamentary Representation.

And as I talked thus in imagination to the sleeping boy I saw in the realm of the imagination, (which, some think is the only place where things really happen), this eternal struggle for Freedom among the Anglo-Saxon peoples streaming down through the ages in the form of a shining River,

beginning about 500 A.D., with the Freemen of Southern England, our town-hating ancestors, who never bowed the neck; on, on through the endless struggle against greed and tyranny, against the desire to dominate, and to decree, usually for selfish ends, how others should think, feel and act, down to the present time when the greatest fight for Freedom the world has ever known is being waged—Democracy against Despotism.

When Freedom blesses mankind, the River broadens, and flows onward in majestic course; when Tyranny and Oppression curse mankind, the waters narrow and eddy backwards.

Ever onward flows the River of Freedom, gaining more than it loses, on, on from 500 A.D. to 1776, when America proclaimed her Independence. At once the River divides into two parallel streams, to come together again, God be praised, on April 6th, 1917, when America entered the war. Then the River becomes broad and deep. It floods the world with Freedom and, if rivers have voices, surely this mighty River of Freedom is murmuring those great, grave words of President Wilson's—"The world must be made safe for democracy. To such a task we dedicate our lives, and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of

those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth. . . ."

What are those principles, little boy? What's Freedom? It is the whole great story of that for which your English-speaking ancestors fought and suffered. For that they died, for that they lived, for that we live.

Since He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free.

Little boy, you are free to-day because this mighty army of men and women made it possible for you to be free. We English-speaking peoples *must* be free to think what we know is right, to believe what we feel is right. The finest thought and deepest convictions of the past soar with this passion for Freedom. Listen to Wordsworth:

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

. . . . . .

"What's Freedom?" I had much to learn even to answer that question cursorily. One thing I knew clearly—that the battle of knowledge is half won if we know where to look for our silent men-

at-arms. I browsed among my shelves, and finally selected two books which tell the whole story, with running pen. They are authoritative books and each gives, chapter by chapter, authorities and sources: they are J. R. Green's "A Short History of the English People" in 4 vols., and Woodrow Wilson's "A History of the American People" in 5 volumes. To these I added "Putnam's Handbook of Universal History." Year by year, decade by decade, I traced the struggle for Freedom, that men have pursued through the centuries without pause, without fulfilment, keeping always in mind my purpose to so explain it to that little boy that he would never again have to ask the question, "What's Freedom?"

One day an idea came to me—rather an exciting idea. The story of the Struggle for Freedom, I said to myself, must be told to this little boy, and to those who are too busy or too tired to find it out for themselves, through the eyes as well as through the ears. It shall all be made into a great Educational and Patriotic Pageant, and afterwards it shall be converted into a Moving Picture Film, so that men, women and children throughout America may be thrilled seeing the stages—the darkness and the light, the agony and the splendor—through which Freedom has been won; and then and there

I wrote down these words from Green's "History," for they are the golden hinge on which Anglo-Saxon freedom turns—"Rose the dream of a land in the West where religion and liberty could find a safe and lasting home."

Also I planned that there should be a message running through the Pageant, continually surging up. It would have a leit-motif of a few bars of melody which, whenever they are sounded by the orchestra, will proclaim that hate, which is the cause of most wars and struggles, shall be dominated, and finally conquered, by love.

Love does not die. Love will emerge from this war. Love shall be the leit motif of this Pageant of Freedom. The love of Freedom permeates it. Love crowns it.

Did not love originate it? The Imperial Association for Assisting English Speaking, Disabled Naval and Military Officers, founded in England in 1917, which I represent in America, originated in gratitude to and love for the men, all sorts and conditions of men, drawn from all classes of life, who have risen from the ranks through special intelligence, concentration and military efficiency. They gave their lives for Freedom, and in doing so have lost their living. The Association,

which is familiarly known as "The Builders," has five principal aims—

IT TRAINS DISABLED OFFICERS IN AGRICULTURAL WORK to enable them to take up their own homesteads in Great Britain, in America, or in the Overseas Dominions.

IT FINDS THEM EMPLOYMENT in all branches of civil occupation.

IT PAYS PASSAGE MONEY in urgent cases and advances sums to help disabled officers to "carry on" while waiting to take their employment.

IT FINDS HOSPITABLE HOMES to shelter them during convalescence, until they are fit to face life anew.

IT MAKES GRANTS-IN-AID in special cases.

The giving of immediate relief, as shown by the long list of published cases, was one of the purposes for which the Imperial Association was founded. But as the work progressed there opened before the Committee a far wider prospect, which has enlarged the aims of the Association into International importance. The majority of these Disabled Officers, many of them suffering from the diabolical effects of shell-shock, must

live an open-air life. That is essential. Moreover, their free movements as soldiers, have given them a distaste for the desk and the factory. A large number are eager to settle on the land. So, gradually, the idea of our Training Farm was born, a Training Farm, equipped with the latest scientific methods of agriculture, where they can study mixed farming, theoretical and practical, and at the end of their course choose the particular branch of farming they will adopt. Those who elect to go overseas will, we hope, take an additional course at an Agricultural College in the locality of their choice.

Thus, in the future, our world may realize the dream of Back to the Land, the English-speaking countries repopulated by trained farmers who have fought for Freedom.

Through lack of funds it was impossible to start the Training Farm in 1917. Although considerable sums have been subscribed, including $1,000.00 from Queen Alexandra, and $5,000.00 from the British Isles Booth of the Chicago Allied Bazaar (see First Annual Report, 1917), the Imperial Association had at first to be content to place shell-shocked officers and others who needed an open-air life at the Wye Agricultural College, and at similar colleges where they received training

in poultry keeping, fruit culture and market gardening, and at the same time were restored to health. But the idea of a Training Farm under the direct supervision of the Imperial Association was never lost sight of. A tentative experiment was made with a farm at Gospel Oak, England, but this was abandoned when a most generous proposal was made by Mr. George H. Pinckard of Combe Court, Witley, Surrey, who offered for the duration of the war, his Home Farm, including a house, for the training in agriculture of Disabled Officers. The farm, 200 acres in extent, is fully equipped and absolutely up to date. It is calculated that it takes $500.00 per annum to train a soldier thoroughly in Agriculture.

There are at present over 400 officers on the books of the Imperial Association, of which nearly 150 have been definitely placed in suitable positions. The remainder are being trained in Agriculture or are being assisted in various ways.

The Training Farm has a Universal significance. Its effect will be worldwide. In order to get the best use from our efforts, and to be ready for the influx of soldiers, who, in increasing numbers, are showing their eagerness to go Back to the Land under such favorable conditions, it is necessary to raise a sum of 100,000 dollars, in

order to enlarge the Farm, and to provide efficient teachers and professors. There is at present accommodation for 10 Disabled Officers. It is the great and immediate desire of the Association to increase the number to 100, and to make this Training Farm, lent by Mr. Pinckard, the nucleus of the Imperial Association's own Training Farm through which hundreds, if not thousands, of Disabled Officers will pass on their way Back to the Land.

The Disabled Officers increase daily; when peace is declared their number will be immensely augmented—numbers will be eager, under such advantages, to go Back to the Land—messengers of effort and good-will, to the English-speaking world—messengers of unity and fraternity.

Important as I believe this idea of a scientific Training Farm to be—important because, obviously, an ex-soldier trained in farming, having a knowledge of the conditions of farming throughout the world, has a much better chance of success than an untrained man, the idea of the Pageant of Freedom assumed, as it developed, a still wider usefulness and significance. It would help to proclaim the continuity of the Anglo-Saxon ideal; it would show that we are all one family; it would bring the two great Anglo-Saxon nations closer to-

gether, and assist in preparing the way for that time, forseen and expressed by Walter Hines Page, when the Anglo-Saxon peoples—united—must police the world in the service of Freedom.

. . . . . .

In a few weeks' time, behold me, with a pile of notes, as thick as two of President Wilson's volumes, giving, in chronological order, the salient episodes for and against Freedom from circa 500 A.D. to the entrance of America into the Great War. Reluctantly I had to confine the survey to Anglo-Saxon Freedom, for a Pageant of World Freedom would take a week to perform, and mine had to be compressed into three hours. Even that was not easy for an amazing number of things have happened since 500 A.D. that come into the category of Freedom episodes. But my task was simplified by the condition that only dramatic and picturesque episodes should be presented in the Pageant. Obviously such epochal but unromantic matters as The Petition of Right, and Habeas Corpus Act, with, in modern times, the granting of free government to Cuba and South Africa could not be included, if the audience were to be kept awake and civil. So I planned

a Commentary on the Freedom Pageant, under the title "What's Freedom?", which would link up unromantic acts with those that are romantic, picturesque and dramatic, such as King John signing Magna Charta at Runnymede, the people in the Peasant Revolt of the 14th Century singing John Ball's very popular song—

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the Gentleman?"

the Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock, and the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack flying, side by side, on the British Houses of Parliament on April 6th, 1917, when America "came in" and the war for Freedom began to be won.

Although I was rather ill-informed regarding the financial requirements of a Pageant with a thousand performers, I visualized, with enthusiasm, the possibilities of its presentation in such a centre as the Madison Square Garden! What a place for Paul Revere's ride, and how fine the *Mayflower* would look sailing round the oval gangway (on wheels) with the Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock in the arena. I planned a succession of gorgeous patriotic, educative, heraldic and propagandist tableaux; I schemed also to employ, in the "America Enters the World"

section, a Motion Picture Map showing, by means of moving dots and shadings, the various discoveries and settlements of America in their order, culminating in the making of the Stars and Stripes. And the Pageant of Freedom would end in a grand Tableau, showing representatives of the armies of the Anglo-Saxon peoples—English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans—Americans,—the old lion and all her whelps, placing their swords upon the Altar of Freedom, and dedicating their lives to destroy Despotism, and make the world safe for Democracy.

Things moved. Here was the Pageant of Freedom all arranged—on nicely ruled paper—an inspirating answer, I hoped, to that little boy's question—"What's Freedom?"

I compiled a pamphlet of 36 pages, setting forth all the episodes in chronological order, with appropriate extracts from Green and Wilson, and printed and copyrighted the text. Then, tired of my meanderings, I opened Kipling and read "England's Answer" to her Sons of the Blood—

"Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower seas,
Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her knees,—

Also, we will make promise. So long as the Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours.
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall."

The next adventure was to produce the Pageant, and the first step was obviously—financial.

Performed in the way that the importance of the theme demanded, the Pageant of Freedom would cost an immense sum of money. I consulted a Man of Substance. He gave me two hours of his precious time, listened attentively, enthusiastically, to the unfolding of this Anglo-Saxon drama of Freedom, and then said—"It should be a fine thing, and it has great propagandist possibilities; but as a business proposition I must know how much it is going to cost and—er—what the returns will be." He reflected, in the absorbed way that Men of Substance reflect on gross financial operations, and thus delivered himself—"I'll lend you my secretary; he will collect the figures, and then I'll let you know what I and my friends will do."

At the end of a week a complete statement of estimated outgoings and incomings was placed be-

fore me. Had I been an early Victorian I should have fainted. The Pageant, even if it ran a week, would barely cover expenses.

"Nothing doing," I murmured to the secretary.

"Nothing doing," he replied.

But I was not disheartened. That little boy's question would be answered; it had to be; something would happen, and within twelve hours something did happen that made me glad that the road of the Pageant had been blocked. That very evening I stumbled into the right path, whether by chance or design, by luck or interior knowledge, who knows?

I was supping at the house of Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham, and as my brain was still busy with that dear, discarded Pageant I talked about it with fervor, and at preposterous length. Actors, as everybody knows, are not enthusiastic about Pageants. Actors like to act; pageants are spectacles in which the performers are voices crying in a wilderness of pomp, people and pleasing platitudes. As I explained the purport of the Pageant, and told of the two boys, of the proud statement of one, of the naïve question of the other, I noticed that a massive, clean-shaven, actor-looking man seated opposite to me was interested. There was no doubt about it; his stillness, and the

receptive look in his eyes assured me of his preoccupation with my enthusiasm. This was amusing, as a fortnight earlier he had drifted to my side at the house of Mrs. Le Gallienne. She, being a writer, not an actor, is interested in Pageants, and being interested in mine she had brought this massive actor-man and myself together. Directly I began to talk to him about my Pageant he bolted. I was not surprised that he should thus summarily disengage himself from my company, because, as I have already said, actors jib at Pageants. He is an actor. His name is Edward Lyall Swete. Often I had seen him act in London, and I also knew that he had "produced" that great and beautiful achievement "The Blue Bird," and that orgy of Oriental splendor—"Chu Chin Chow."

A guest cannot bolt from a supper table. Such things are not done even in air raids. So I was amused by the knowledge that this time Edward Lyall Swete could not escape me: he was obliged to listen to my description of the Pageant of Freedom: he listened with frowning urbanity, and when I noticed a movement of his lips, such as a horse employs when about to emit a neigh, I raised my voice and accelerated my utterance, so that there should be no break in my headlong description. But soon I was obliged to pause to take

breath. That was the abused man's opportunity; he rushed out this comment—

"It isn't a Pageant: it's a Play!"

The effect of "It isn't a Pageant: it's a Play," was as far-reaching as the boy's question—"What's Freedom?" It opened possibilities, it set my thoughts jumping so actively, that I omitted to complete my description of the Pageant. Later in the evening the producer of "The Blue Bird," who seemed to be unusually silent and serious for an actor, hove towards me, and suggested that we should meet on the following day and discuss the project of the Play which was evidently simmering in his mind, as it was in mine.

When we met on the following afternoon he was as buoyant and radiant as a soldier who has just been mentioned in despatches. He grasped my hand, waved my Pageant of Freedom pamphlet in the air, and said—"If you will do me the honor (actors are the only class now left who employ the felicities of the eighteenth century) of being my collaborator in 'Freedom,' we will make a play that will stir the country. We'll open in New York in October, take it to Washington, and then tour the United States, Canada, and the English-speaking countries; we'll give a proportion of the profits to the Association for which you are work-

ing, and with which I am in deep sympathy—the Imperial Association for Assisting Disabled Officers of the English-speaking peoples.—Will you do me the honor of being my collaborator?"

I gasped, dissembled, smiled, agreed, delighted to know that at last I should solve a literary conundrum that had always interested me—the mystery of collaboration.

"We'll meet here daily," he said, "and work the play out together."

I pictured us pacing the room, constructing dramatic scenes, polishing spirited dialogue, hammering out sparkling phrases on the anvil of each other's wit, and then rushing to the table to transcribe our improvisations.

That afternoon, that evening, and during a wakeful night I mused on the play, and when I visited my collaborator the next day with a sheaf of notes, ideas for scenes, and scraps of dialogue, my fear was that he would be so impressed by my dramatic ability and industry that he would beg me to write the whole play, and so "Freedom" would lose the benefit of his long theatrical experience.

My apprehension was groundless. His manner was even more buoyant, majestical and confident than at our former interview. Graciously he re-

lieved me of my hat and cane and then said, to my immense astonishment, and without preamble —"I've written the first scene."

"But——", I began.

He waved me into a Rocker, gave me a Piedmont cigarette, mollified me a trifle by saying: "I have read your Pageant of Freedom pamphlet. Your ideas are charming, and they have a rare spiritual quality." Then he began to read.

When he had finished, I said, "Fine."

Then I proceeded to criticize, and to make suggestions. Within the next quarter of an hour I discovered why collaborators nearly always never speak to one another again. But we did not fall out, because my mind was fixed steadily on the goal—the production of the Play. We parted exchanging amiable compliments. His last words as he ushered me into the elevator were: "We shall get on splendidly together. I suggest that we meet every second day. Does half past four suit you? Tea will be served at that hour."

Our second meeting was a repetition of the first. It became quite clear to me that he, being an Actor and Producer, was pursuing the Offensive, while I, being an Essayist and Critic, was acting on the Defensive. Nevertheless, I made an attempt to start the Offensive. My barrage was

this—to bombard him with the news that I had designed an episode which would give a dramatic turn, with a mild love interest of the W. D. Howells kind, to that famous peace writ of Henry II *de pace habenda,* and also that I had composed some telling dialogue about the "Bill of Rights"; but before I could utter a word he said beamingly —"I have written another scene, towards the end of the third act." Again he asked permission to read it to me: again he gave me a Piedmont cigarette, accompanied this time by a cup of tea: again he dropped me into a Rocker, and when he had finished again I said "Fine."

So our collaboration continued through the winter and spring. When I became restive he exchanged the Piedmont for a Pall Mall cigarette, and on one occasion when he had written two scenes at a sitting he added a frosted plum cake to the tea table. A letter I received from him early in May prepared me for another assault on my defensive collaboratorship. The latter addressed me as "Dear old Boy" and was signed "Teddie." That was to prepare me, as I suspected, that he had written three scenes since our last symposium. He gave me a footstool, dropped me into the Rocker, made a complimentary allusion to the color of my socks and began to read.

Again I said "Fine." It is necessary to be good during the Great War and to bear our troubles with equanimity, mine as well as the rise in the price of soft drinks, and gasless Sundays.

I will not say that he entirely disregarded my suggestions, or that he neglected to study "A Pageant of Freedom"; but, having taken the Offensive, he continued it successfully to the end.

One of my notions was to introduce King Arthur, whose idea of the Round Table was the first attempt to give men equality; this, I suggested, might be linked up with the round, or oval table in the Pan-American Building at Washington where the representatives of the South American Republics debate in splendiferous equality. "Time, dear friend, will not permit it," he said. On the rare occasions when I showed a hint of being aggrieved at the unequal character of our collaboration he would place another cushion behind my back in the Rocker, and say—"But, dear old man, you can say just what you like in the 'Commentary.'"

Here follows the Commentary on the play "Freedom," with an Epilogue.

Post Script—One of my ideas was to re-create the figure of Artemus Ward "in comikil mood," as the newspaper man in the Aliens scene in Act.

III. In that year, 1860, the "Grate American Humorist" was representing the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* so there would be good sense and better nonsense in making him the interviewer of "Freedom" at Castle Garden. After animated discussion the Artemus Ward idea was rejected, and my Collaborator, when he had presented a well-turned compliment to me on a book that my namesake in the Print Room of the British Museum, London, had written, said—"But I do want some specimens of the colloquialisms and slang of 1860. I should be infinitely obliged (you do these things so well) if you would look through the newspapers of that period, and make a list of some racy specimens of slang."

"Ah," I reflected, "it's facts he wants."

That evening, while I was relating to my wife my experiences as collaborator on "Freedom," I said—

"This silly Great War has changed everything. In the old days I was the genius and people used to feed me with facts. Now, Teddie is the genius, and I feed him with facts."

ACT I

ENGLAND IN THE MAKING

From "The Free Man," circa 500 A.D.,
to "The Peasants' Insurrection," 1381.

THIS play is a dream, yet it is not a dream, because events happen in it that really happened: these events were witnessed in a dream by Dick Freeman, aged 12, and his cousin, Hank Archer, aged 10. When Freedom, in the form of a woman, deathless and eternally beautiful, enters the cottage bedroom in Westchester County, in answer to Hank's question "What Freedom?" she proceeds to tell the boys who she is, and then to show them what men and women have done for her, and against her, through the pomp and circumstance, the glamour and the grief of Anglo-Saxon history; she shows them salient deeds, now splendid and magnificent, now cruel and mean; but slowly tending upward, as the centuries sweep by, to higher ideals, and a profounder sense of justice. The strange scenes that the boys witness

and the stirring things they hear become to them a reality, not a dream. When they awake in the last scene of the last act you feel that they are not the same boys. They have found the New Knowledge. Their dream will accompany them through the business of life. Always with them will march Freedom whom they have learnt to know and to love.

The father of Richard Freeman (Dick) died for Freedom. That is the note of the first scene. He is an orphan. This numbing fact depresses the boy, but he hardly understands the full significance of his father's sacrifice. "Are you glad, ma'am, my Daddy died for you?" he asks Freedom. She, knowing that the boy's father was one of those gallant Americans who threw themselves into the ranks of the Allies at the outbreak of the war, answers—"There is no death for such as your Daddy, dear."

Then Dick begins to comprehend that his father has made the great sacrifice for the great mother of all. Freedom, glorying in her motherhood, says—

"I am the mother of all the races if they will but know me. The Mother of *your* land and the Mother of Exiles. I am the History of the Old World and the New. I am the History of The

United States. Come, I will show you some of my pages."

Then, accompanied by the two boys, Dick and Hank, she steps down from the Present into the black Past—that black past which, at her call, will glow with light and movement, and portray, in chronological procession, the events of Anglo-Saxon History which have made for Freedom.

The shutters of the bedroom in Westchester County, New York, part. "I open the book," cries Freedom,—"the light is growing—let us read one of the first pages of your history."

As she speaks the radiance extends, and they see, their hands clutched tight in the hands of Freedom, a Farmer Commonwealth in England about the year 500 A.D. In the midst of the clearing rises the Moot Hill, crowned by its Sacred tree, the place of assembly for the Wise Men of the Village.

Throughout the play, at appropriate intervals, Freedom and the boys discuss each scene, with Hank's pert ejaculations, and Dick's more serious comments. Freedom explains to the boys that from these Moot Hill meetings, "sprang your Capitol, and your President." She could also have quoted the eloquent words of John Richard Green, (throughout this "Commentary" the pas-

sages quoted, when not otherwise indicated, are from Green's "Short History of the English People"), about these Farmer Commonwealths of Free Men.

"The basis of their society was the free landholder. . . . He was the 'free necked man,' whose long hair floated over a neck that had never bent to a lord. . . . It is with a reverence such as is stirred by the headwaters of some mighty river that one looks back to those tiny Moots, where the men of the village met, as their descendants, the men of a later England, meet in Parliament at Westminster, to frame laws and justice for the great empire which has sprung from this little body of farmer-commonwealths."

Obviously man's struggle for Freedom really began when man first became a social animal—social but unmoral. Society begat visiting, intercourse begat envy. The desire for possession followed—the Have-nots were envious of the Haves—then Theft, Grab, Militarism, Tyranny, Usurpation and the unending fight of Democracy against Despotism. But for the purposes of our play we start the struggle about the year 500 A.D., an arbitrary date, but sufficiently accurate to placate cross historians.

By that date the Romans had left Britain near-

ly a century, and it was just over half a century since the English had first landed in Britain. Who were these English, the earliest group of marauders—Angles, Saxons and Jutes—to covet the grey island in the North Sea? The Angles or English were the chief of these three tribes. Their homes were Schleswig and Jutland. The Angles or English were paramount, and the name Angle-land or England was eventually given to the whole country of Britain, which the Angles, Saxons and Jutes occupied. Schleswig (grabbed by Germany from Denmark in 1864) lies in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the Northern seas. To-day the Danish-speaking inhabitants of Schleswig are crying for freedom like Alsace-Lorraine, Bohemia, Poland, Jugo-Slavonia and Armenia. We are fighting to free, among other small nations—Schleswig—the land of our common ancestry.

These English tribes from Schleswig were a bold and hardy race of farmers, fishermen, and pirates, pastorally inclined, liking home-life, but equal to any adventure in the looting of goods or lands. They came to Britain at the invitation of the distracted rulers of that land to help free the country from the marauding Picts and Scots. The English came—and stayed. Having pushed back

the Picts and Scots, they proceeded to conquer the Britons. Other tribes joined in, for those were the days when man regarded his neighbor as something to be despoiled. The half-conquered British and the conquering English fought among themselves, fought the Danes, fought anybody, till one day William of Normandy took the matter in hand, achieved the conquest of England, and opened the way for a new struggle for Freedom, that of the People against Kings. Similarly the conversion of Kent to Christianity by Augustine in 597, opened the way for the struggle against Ecclesiasticism and the temporal power of the Church. Our gold of civil and religious liberty has had to be purged of dross with infinite trouble, and endless suffering.

But although fighting was the principal pursuit of those days it was happily intermittent. There were intervals of peace; there were periods when these home-loving English from Schleswig, between one raid and another, settled down to sow, to reap, to hunt, and to begin the business of civilization. It is one of these peaceful intervals to which Freedom introduces Dick and Hank. Then they see the onrush of war, announced to the farmer-commonwealth by the blowing of a horn, proclaiming that some Overlord, wanting a bet-

ter "place in the sun," had invoked militarism. The scene ends with the cry—Arm! Arm! Arm!—the cry heard through a peaceful world in 1914 when the Germans rushed ravaging, fully prepared, fully determined to dominate the world, into Belgium.

Fighting! Fighting! Fighting! How idiotic it all seems—this continual grabbing and killing. But the rulers of those days, if they have cognizance of earthly matters, might well retort—"Yes, we were unwise to grab and to kill, but are you any wiser?" The Allies can at least answer that they are fighting to end the policy of grabbing and killing, fighting to make an end of militarism. Then, as now, there were finer spirits who held aloft their little flares of Freedom, and surely we can claim that the little flares of those days have now become powerful and steady beacons; then, as now, there were also good and great kings, rulers and commoners who believed in love and not in hate, who thought more of their people and their neighbors than of themselves.

From the rabble of Britons, Roman-Britons, Picts, Scots, English, Saxons, Danes, Normans, (what an amazing mixture, which includes Teutonic elements as well as Norman Scandinavian French) we, the Anglo-Saxons, spring. If War

and Oppression begat the Tyrant and the Serf, those evils also begat man's unchanging, unconquerable passion for Freedom. Chronic unrest and chronic misery have never been able to prevent the finer spirits from lighting with their wisdom the darkness of evil days. Such a spirit was Eadwine, King of Northumbria, who reigned from 617 to 633, and gave his name to Edinburgh —Eadwinsburgh. While he was King, "peaceful communications revived along the deserted highways; the springs by the roadside were marked with stakes, and a cup of brass set beside each for the travellers' refreshment"; there was Cadwallon, "the last great hero of the British race who fell fighting"; there was Cædmon, the first English poet (flourished 670) who sang the "Creation of the World," and Bede, the first scholar (flourished 700), known as the Venerable Bede. "He loved his own English tongue, he was skilled in English song, his last work was a translation in English of the Gospel of St. John, and almost the last words that broke from his lips were some English rhymes upon death. . . . If poetry began in the English epic of Cædmon, prose took its first shape in the Latin history of Bede"; there was Wilfrith, Archbishop of York—"Wilfrith led the way in the work of emancipation by freeing 250

serfs whom he found attached to his estate at Selsea"; there was Theodore, a Greek monk, sent by Rome to England in 668. "The councils gathered by Theodore were the first of all national gatherings for general legislation. It was the ecclesiastical synods which, by their example, led the way to our national parliaments"; there was Alfred, known as Alfred the Great, with whom English history really begins. Had all Kings been like Alfred (871-901), or even like Canute (1017-1035), there would have been no need for Democracy. But destiny, besides giving to the English Alfred and Canute, gave them that treacherous despot John, and that charming rascal Charles I; hence their tears; hence that wonderful invention of the 20th century, a constitutional monarch, beloved by all, with no power to do harm, and immense power for doing good. Alfred the Great still lives. One of the latest methods of education in England goes by the name of King Alfred's Schools. From him and the band of wise men that he gathered around him in his city of Winchester, many of the English ideals in education, in government, in literature, in scholarship derive. He created the fleet; he dreamed of Oxford. Ah, had all the Kings been like Alfred there would have been no need to

master the Hohenzollerns, and to check, on bloody fields, the Kaiser from ever saying again —"Looking upon myself as the instrument of the Lord, without regard to the opinions and intentions of the day, I go my way."

When Alfred the Great ascended the throne in 871 as King of Wessex, the Saxons were in power, but the land was still the prey and sport of marauding enemies. The pest now was the Danes, and it is a battle between Alfred's men and the Danes that Dick and Hank witness in Scene III.

England was still in the beginning of her making. She began with the Ancient Britons. Nobody ever shows any sympathy for the unfortunate Ancient Britons, who were conquered by everybody in turn, beginning with the Romans, and ending with the Normans, and yet who were never wholly conquered. Which is a way the Celts have. There is authority for calling the Ancient Britons Celts. Sir Lawrence Gomme, among others, is sure. As conquest after conquest spread over the land, as the cities and large towns became settled by the conquerors, the unfortunate Britons, who in these days of sympathy for small nations would be protected and cherished, fled to the hills of Wales and Scotland, to

Ireland, to the recesses of Cornwall which was known as West Wales, and even to Brittany. In these outposts to-day, as then, linger the Celts, survivors of innumerable conquests, unconquered, because you cannot conquer the imagination. Written records of them there are none, but one great memory of their idealism remains—the Arthurian legend—refashioned by many hands and finally culminating in a work of genius, Malory's "Morte Darthur."

Mr. Lloyd George, as every one knows, is a Celt. Mr. Woodrow Wilson, as every reader of his "History of the American People" knows, prides himself on his descent from the Scotch-Irish. Therefore, we who are champions of small, distressful nations, and desire to see them happy and honored, may solace ourselves with the notion that Premier Lloyd George and President Woodrow Wilson, being Celts, are Ancient Britons.

Dick and Hank, being American boys, greet King Alfred cheerfully in Scene III, and as an equal, and Dick asks him what he was thinking about when he allowed the cakes to burn. "Of Oxford, lad," answers Alfred—"Dreaming of a school where you may go one day. Of a hall or

two I'll build on Isis banks where free men may get free learning, if my dreams come true."

Alfred's dream came true as other great dreams have come true, as Cecil Rhodes' dream, a thousand years later, came true. Doubtless when the war ends Dick and Hank will become Rhodes scholars.

This dream of Alfred's, while the cakes burned, is a theme for poets. All that has sprung from Alfred was stated, with understanding, in an editorial in *The Christian Science Monitor* in June of this year—"Say what any one may, the root of the liberties of Australia and Canada, of the United Kingdom and the United States, was planted by that band of wise men who sat with Alfred, in his city of Winchester, when that tiny Wessex was a kingdom even in little England. The ideals there generated have spread to the uttermost parts of the world. They were stowed on board the ships which Raleigh sent to Virginia, or which bore the Pilgrims and the Puritans to Massachusetts; they were reared in the factories of the Coromandel coast, and in those on the banks of the Hoogly; they were carried in the ships of Elphinstone and Craig into Table Bay, and in that of Captain Cook to Botany Bay; they went to Labrador with Frobisher, and to Egypt,

with Gordon. As a consequence wherever the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack is unfurled to-day, the Anglo-Saxon ideal rules. And what Principle has made one, politicians cannot put asunder."

Freedom speaks to King Alfred in Scene III of the New World that is to be, of the "New men of the world across the seas, as yet unknown, who shall come to sit in the glorious colleges that shall rise on your foundation, King." Alfred answers, exultantly—"Then I build better than I know."

Into this scene of peace and progress is hurled the confusion of war. The Danes are attacking. Alfred the statesman becomes Alfred the warrior, and the scene closes on a tableau showing "Alfred Fighting the Danes," lighted by Freedom's torch.

When this turbulent episode blacks out, Freedom wafts the boys three hundred years onward. They pass from these Early English Folk to the Middle Ages, from the Swineherd's Hut to the Cloisters at Canterbury in 1162.

During those three hundred years Canute flourished—Canute who loved peace, loved his people, loved freedom yet was obliged to suffer for the hatred that other rulers aroused. It was in Canute's reign (1017-1035), although he was not

the cause, that there began a struggle between King and People that raged for two centuries. William of Normandy, when he conquered England in 1066, at any rate stabilized matters. This vigorous and powerful monarch fraternized frankly with Freedom when, "I, William, Your All-Highest," was concerned; but he was tolerably indifferent to the freedom of his subjects. When Gregory VII ordered him to do fealty for his realm, William stoutly refused. "Fealty I have never willed to do, nor do I will to do it now. I have never promised it, nor do I find that my predecessors did it to yours." In his swaggering Norman way William, in degree, approved of Freedom. Did he not end the Bristol slave trade? But he encouraged Feudalism which was now, with giant strides, superseding the ancient liberty of England. Brave men never forgot that they were sons of Freedom. "Treat me as a free man," cried Archbishop Anselm to Rufus, the Conqueror's son, "and I devote myself and all that I have to your service, but if you treat me as a slave you shall have neither me nor mine."

"The boldness of Archbishop Anselm's attitude not only broke the traditions of ecclesiastical servitude, but infused through the nation at large a new spirit of independence."

From the mists of legend rises another free man, Hereward the Wake, champion of the English national cause, the last warlike resister, who strove to defend the Isle of Ely against the Normans. He stood for Freedom, for the right of the Under Dog to live at peace and in happiness. He went under, but in East Anglia to this day there is a saying that Hereward the Wake, like King Arthur, like all who have fallen to rise, will "come again."

But the chief Freedom episode of this period was the Charter of Liberties of Henry I, the first written restriction upon the despotism of a King, and the foundation of Magna Charta. "Henry's Charter is important, not merely as the direct precedent for the Great Charta of John, but as the first limitation which had been imposed on the despotism established by the Conquest."

The conflict, King versus Barons, the People versus the King and the Barons, went on roughly, rudely and interminably, accompanied by murder and robbery. England, having decided that she could not do without Kings, proceeded, slowly and with great difficulty, to try to make them harmless and friendly to Freedom, which is the whole long struggle for civil liberty, a struggle which centuries later sent Charles I to the block,

and James II into exile; and England, having adopted Christianity, proceeded to try to make Ecclesiasticism harmless, and friendly to Freedom. Therein lies the whole of the long struggle for religious liberty which centuries later exiled the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Cavaliers to America.

Scene V shifts to Canterbury, A.D., 1162. Fortunate Dick and Hank, under the deep, far-seeing eyes of Freedom, are able to witness a stirring scene, a fierce, quick quarrel between King and Ecclesiastic, between Henry II and Thomas à Becket, in the Minster Cloisters at Canterbury. They are also shown a dramatic presentation of the origin of Trial by Jury, which some historians would push back through Norman and Franks, to the administrative needs of the later Roman Empire. Green made up his mind upon this point —"The fabric of our judicial legislation commences with the Assize (the word Assize signified an edict or law issued by the King, usually with the assent of the Great Council) of Clarendon. In the provisions of this Assize for the repression of crime we find the origin of Trial by Jury, so often attributed to earlier times." The Assize of Clarendon (1166) took its name from Clarendon, a small palace or hunting seat belong-

ing to the King on the edge of the New Forest. For dramatic purposes it is pardonable to suppose that Henry and Becket had already discussed the matter.

Becket, who when the scene opens is discovered parting his raiment among twelve beggar men, appears here as champion of the people. To Henry he says:

> "Establish justice in a peaceful realm
> Where commons, even beggar men as these,
> Shall have their peers no less than barons have
> To try them for their lives—Freedom for all."

In the dialogue between Freedom and the boys that follows Dick says—"What is Trial by Jury?"

Freedom answers—"It is one of the priceless institutions of Freedom you have inherited from these early English forefathers by which every man gets a fair trial from his fellowmen."

The Curtain falls.

When it rises we have been transported to Robin Hood's larder in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire—a happy, boisterous scene depicting free, merry England in May-pole time with song, games and dance. Robin Hood, whose story has even less historical authority than the story of Arthur, has, like Arthur, been a fruitful theme

for legend and verse. As Arthur is the ideal Knight, Robin Hood is the ideal Yeoman or Freeman, the outlaw from Oppression, who loves the Virgin and hates Monks and Abbots; who lives a free life in the greenwood robbing the rich to help the poor. Him Dick and Hank meet one merry May-day in Sherwood Forest; him they see after he has captured that bloated oppressor the Earl of Nottingham, and they hear Richard, Cœur de Lion (a mixed character valorous and vain, mighty and mean), who is about to depart on the Third Crusade, make Robin a Knight, and constable of Nottingham, in place of the "unworthy lord" from whom Sir Robin had forced his ill-gotten gains. In the forest, Dick Freeman meets a boy bearing his name, and when he asks why a 12th Century lad should also be called Dick Freeman, the boy answers—"Because I'm your great-great-great-great, oh, ever so many greats grandfather." Towards the end of this bustling scene showing Freedom outlawed but cheerful, and still pursuing her great purpose, Dick, inspired by the sight of Richard and his Red Cross Knights, asks—"And did he free the Holy Land?" Freedom answers—"Alas, child, no—but now I walk the streets of Jerusalem again, and Jew and Christian, ay and Mussulman, once more worship

in their holy places, freed by the greatest and the last of all Crusades!"

Dick whispers—"Was Daddy a Crusader, Freedom?" And she, who knows all things, because she is Love, answers—"As surely, dear, as that he died for me. But men now wear the Red Cross upon the arm, not to destroy but to save, whilst tender women, fearless as gentle in its cause, dare all to succor all, beneath its badge to-day."

After King Richard of the Lion Heart, King John of the Black Heart reigned, he who "swore fealty and did liege homage to the Pope," while "England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame." Probably the best known, and certainly the most important episode of Freedom in English History is the signing of Magna Charta, in the island meadow of Runnymede near Windsor Castle. Elihu Root has recently said—"It was an assertion of right by men who were willing to fight for their rights, and to die for them. And during all these seven hundred years, the men to whom that has been the Great Charter of Liberties have been willing to fight for their liberties and to die for them." So in this war. But the altruistic modern world has developed the quality of Pity, and now men also fight and die for the

liberty and protection of others, for the Hymn of Love against the Hymn of Hate.

Two of the famous clauses of the Great Charter run—"No free man shall be seized or dispossessed or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin: we will not go against any man nor send against him, save by legal judgments of his peers or by the law of the land. . . . To no man will we sell, to no man will we deny, or delay right or justice."

The Great Charter was published throughout the country, and sworn to at every hundred-mote and town-mote by order of the King. It was confirmed in 1216, and reconfirmed in 1218, 1223, 1224, and 1237. A Copy of the Great Charter is in the British Museum dimmed by time and fire, but with the royal seal of John, of the black heart, still hanging from the almost indecipherable parchment. In the centuries that followed, men regarded it with veneration as the Charter of English freedom, and when Dick and Hank grow up they will learn that some of the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States are based upon Magna Charta, wrested by the Barons from the King that day in 1215 at Runnymede by Thames. "Eight of the twelve amendments to the Constitution," writes Mr. Wilson in his "History," "ran in the phrases of Magna Charta, the

Petition of Right, the Declaration of Independence and the Virginia Bill of Rights; the principles they embodied had come out of the long processes of English constitutional history, out of the precedents of English courts, and the practice of English justice, out of charters and constitutions and ancient parliamentary protests."

The place where Magna Charta was signed is little changed save that Runnymede is no longer an islet; but the grass is green as it was then, and the pleasure boats still laze onward from Windsor to Runnymede over the course taken by King John's barge.

When John, rabid at his defeat, falls in a swoon as the Scene closes, Freedom tells Dick and Hank of Richard II, "a boy King, generous and brave, unspoilt by power of flattery, yet he dies deposed, because he was not man enough to rule his people like a King."

Richard II, and John Wyclif, the first translator of the Bible into English, a great event in the history of religious freedom, are the chief characters in Scene VIII, one of movement and rushing episodes. It takes place at Westminster on June 18th, 1381.

The boys are shown the Mother of Parliaments, "just learning to talk"; they see this demo-

cratic, slow-evolving element of the national life beginning to be representative, with Master Draper from his shop, and Master Smith from his forge; they see them leave their booths to join the deliberations. English institutions grow slowly. Centuries were to elapse before the British nation was tolerably well represented in Parliament, as it had taken centuries to produce the suggestion of national representation that the boys see at Westminster, in 1381.

Since Magna Charta was signed in 1215, infant step by infant step, the cause of freedom and the rights of the individual have advanced. By the "Provisions of Oxford" of 1258 it was agreed that the Great Council should assemble thrice in the year whether summoned by the King or no; and on each occasion the "Commonality shall elect twelve honest men who shall come to the Parliaments. . . . A royal proclamation in the English tongue, the first in that tongue since the Conquest which has reached us, ordered the observance of these Provisions."

The Provisions of Oxford were afterwards annulled; so began the Barons' War in which a noble part was played by Simon de Montfort, that Friend of Freedom.

It was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who, in 1265 (a date sometimes referred to as the Beginning of Parliament), summoned to Westminster 120 churchmen, 23 lay barons, 2 knights from every shire, and also 2 citizens from every borough—Simon de Montfort, Friend of Freedom, whom Henry III dreaded as the future champion of English liberty. Thirty years later, in 1295, a completer admission of the commons to Parliament marked another landmark in the struggle for Freedom. This was called the Model Parliament, because it came to be regarded as the model of what a parliament should be. That of 1376 was known as The Good Parliament. Good is an elastic term; at any rate the members were wise, and friends of Freedom in demanding annual assemblies and protesting against arbitrary taxation.

Dick and Hank are now beginning to comprehend the centuries' long fight of their English-speaking ancestors for the civil freedom which they enjoy,—a gift at birth. In Scene VIII they see Master Draper and Master Smith returning to their booths from the deliberations in Parliament. They also have a glimpse of the beginning of the fight for religious freedom. They see John

Wyclif taunted by his fellow-monks, and called "Blasphemous Priest" and "Filthy Unbeliever"; they hear him say the Lord's prayer in English, a leap towards religious Freedom; they listen to Master Draper and Master Smith discussing the meeting of Parliament, and then they see the outbreak of the Peasants' Insurrection, and hear villeins from Kent, or "Men of Kent" (still a proud title, in 1918), singing the great song of the people's poet-orator of that day,

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the Gentleman?"

by Master John Ball. "It was in the preaching of John Ball that England first listened to a declaration of National Equality and the Rights of Men."

Can we wonder the Peasants revolted? A clause in the "Statutes of Laborers" of 1350 forbids the laborer to quit the parish where he lived in search of better-paid employment; if he disobeyed he became a fugitive and subject to imprisonment. The boys see hot-headed Wat Tyler, a fourteenth-century Bolshevist, slain by the Mayor of London; they see the maddened crowd rush forward; they hear the boy King cry—(he

was 15 and full of pluck) "Good people, what will ye?"

Quickly, angrily rushes the answer—"We will that you free us and our lands forever, and that we never more be held in bondage."

"I grant it!" shouts the King in a burst of useful, youthful enthusiasm, and no doubt at the moment he meant it. But neither he nor the world was yet ripe for Freedom. Again and again through the coming centuries Freedom must hide her face.

DICK: (whispering to Freedom) "Say, ma'am, it's a great life if you don't weaken!"

FREEDOM: (speaking exultantly) "Yes, it is a great life if you do not weaken. But he did weaken——"

Here the curtain falls, and the first act of "Freedom" called "England in the Making" ends.

More than 500 years later, Robert Browning, thinking of these things—of the storied past of his country, of her far-flung lands, and ocean outposts, of her efforts and her sacrifices, of her daring and her tears—thinking of all he owed to his forefathers who helped "England in the Making," which is part of the making of Freedom, and an aid toward loving her, cries in "Home Thoughts From the Sea":

"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?"

The English-speaking peoples of to-day have answered: "All we are, all we have, are yours—Freedom."

ACT II

AMERICA IN THE FINDING

From "The First Voyage of Columbus," 1492, to "The Declaration of Independence," 1776.

IF theatrical performances lasted from six in the evening until six the following morning, it might be possible to present the salient episodes in The Struggle for Freedom among the English-speaking peoples. As theatrical performances should not last longer than two and a half hours, our play may be likened to a smart woman's jewels. Those she wears are merely a choice among the sparkling contents of her jewel-case.

Some of the jewels of Freedom Dick and Hank have seen, and they have seen "England in The Making," that is in the act of restoring Freedom, for there must have been once a Golden Age, when men were free as the birds. From this we are fallen.

No, in the fourteenth century England was not

yet made, far from it; she has still much to learn, and much to forget, ere Freedom is won; but she has made a great beginning, and this her early history, clarified of dross and dregs, will be the basis of the Freedom that will arise, also through tribulation and passing failures, in the unknown land three thousand miles away. America is now to loom into the life of the world. A century or two and men will turn in Canning's words "to the New World to redress the balance of the Old."

Who would have thought in those far-off days of Columbus that, in the year 1918, ancient France would present to the City of Philadelphia a magnificent piece of Gobelin tapestry showing troops departing from the Quaker City to fight for the Freedom of Europe, and that woven into the tapestry would be three statements from the lips of the President of the United States:

"Right is more precious than peace."

"We shall fight for Democracy."

"We have no selfish end to serve and desire no conquest and no domination."

To this New World, to America awaking to Europe, to the sight of Christopher Columbus crossing the empty seas, Freedom now takes the boys.

But before following them we must glance, for

a moment, at the period between the Peasants' Insurrection of 1381, with which Act I ended, and the year 1492 when Columbus, in a full suit of armor and bearing the flag of Spain (he did things in style, in the high Roman manner, like Shakespeare when he killed a calf), landed on one of the Bahama Islands and named it San Salvador, Holy Savior. Thinking he was in the East Indies, he called the natives Indians. So things happen in this haphazard world.

During those one hundred and eleven years England had continued to—"muddle through," mixing bad and good, folly and fineness in her amalgam of progress. Man is a muddler, but he will win through because he must one day understand God. Man allowed himself to persecute the Lollards, followers of Wyclif, but the Lollards had learnt, as all followers of truth learn, that persecution is but a station of the Cross. There was trouble in Wales. The sturdy Welshmen, under Owen Glendower, a descendant of the native Princes, struck for independence—and failed; there was trouble in Southern England when twenty thousand yeomen and tradesmen, helped by esquires and gentlemen, and captained by Jack Cade, marched to Blackheath and demanded from the Royal Council redress of the

wrongs detailed in "The Complaint of the Commons of Kent." This petition called for "administrative and economical reforms, for a change of ministry, a more careful expenditure of the Royal revenue, and the restoration of freedom of election which had been broken into by the interference both of the crown and the great landowners." Political, not social reform, you observe. "Since the last Peasant rising villeinage [a kind of serfdom] had died naturally before the progress of social change."

Jack Cade was slain: he died for Freedom.

The "Complaint" was "quietly laid aside." Autocracy had been again battered, but not beaten —and onward, ever onward, turbulent and troubled, constant in checks, yet never stopped, ran the River of Freedom.

But there was light ahead. Long ago a charter had been granted to the Merchant Adventurers, the chief of the great mediæval trading companies, sturdy and straightforward men, who stood for dignity, order and freedom. In these Merchant Adventurers we may see the beginning of Overseas Enterprise, and the advance guard of such pioneers, great and forcible Englishmen (the phrase Little Englander had not then been invented: neither had pacifist), as Drake and

Raleigh, who if they did not find America helped to lead her into the light.

But, at this moment, at the opening of Act II, America is still in the dark, unillumined, lost in twilight: so she looks on the map of the world at the time of Columbus, so unknown, so unthought-of, that the early navigators believed they could sail away from Europe, straight over the Atlantic to the Indies.

In the opening scene of Act II Freedom is discovered, enthroned: with her are Dick and Hank; but before she discloses the initial stages of "America in the Finding" she pauses to introduce "my favorite child, my unconquerable Joan, the Maid of Orleans—my Joan."

After this interlude, and some severe remarks on the English record in that unforgivable French war (even entirely good Englishmen do not claim that England has always been entirely good), followed by a reference to "The Wars of the Roses," "the only pretty thing about which was its name," the curtains part, disclosing a map showing America, in a waste of waters, empty, nothing upon the surface of the land but the lines of latitude and longitude.

Enter the Moving Picture into drama.

Here the intrusion of the Moving Picture, or

rather the moving dot and shading, was inevitable, and may be the herald of a new method of teaching history. When the empty map of America is shown on the screen the following conversation takes place:

DICK: "What is it, Freedom?"

HANK: "I don't see anything."

FREEDOM: "Neither did Christopher Columbus at first. Look! Here he comes!"

(A ship crosses the empty sea, and then the West Indies appear.)

"That's what he found on his way to India. He thought he had got there so he called these Islands 'The West Indies.' Now he comes again, next year, and finds a bit more which he still thinks is India."

(More islands appear.)

FREEDOM: "But still he hasn't found America. That is where you come in, through your English-speaking ancestors, for Henry the VII of England sent out a ship from Bristol, in 1497. It was manned by Englishmen, and captained by John Sebastian Cabot, the son of Venetian parents, but born in Bristol. See, here he is."

(A ship appears and reaches America: such of the mainland as Cabot discovered becomes visible, and so with all the discoveries in turn.)

Freedom and the boys sit awhile in silence, watching the land grow in every direction.

Throughout this act the map with moving dots and shadings plays an important part. The changes of possession of territory in sequence are shown, following the struggles between Spaniards, English, Dutch and French, for control. We were all grabbers in those days. Our excuse is merely that we had to be, and few were troubled by Freedom's averted face. Again and again the scene that is being performed on the stage blacks out: again and again the boys watch the area of America shaping itself into colonies and states.

Cinema and actors alternately hold the stage. When the children are shown the *Golden Hind,* Drake's ship, sailing across the ocean on his voyage round the world between 1577 and 1580, Hank cries, "I should like to see Drake."

"Then, here he is," retorts Freedom, and instantly (life is so easily handled on the stage: so hardly off it), the map blacks out, and we see Drake, home from his three years' voyage, waiting among his captains and a group of courtiers, for the visit of Queen Elizabeth to his ship. She arrives, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who is one of the brisk, gay company, places his cloak over a puddle for Her Majesty to step upon. Queen Elizabeth,

Drake and Raleigh are the three chief actors in this spirited scene, and the high note is struck when Raleigh says to Drake:

"Neighbor, this is a great thing thou hast done, yet would I have us English held for more than pirates, Frank. 'Tis not enough for my fair fame to raid these uncharted lands, but thou must settle there. Make of that dusky continent a world of fair content where we of Plymouth town and Devonshire may found a larger England yet. Where thy son's sons and mine may start a land as free as this, and free to all."

Whereupon Sir Walter Raleigh begs the Queen's permission to make a settlement in that distant country, and to name this virgin land, after England's virgin Queen—Virginia.

The scene closes: we again see the map, and watch Virginia being formed; and over this pioneer state floats the spirit of Raleigh, great Raleigh who suffered greatly.

The pity of it! Alas for the recurring stupidity of rulers and their advisers. The wise and gallant Raleigh, poet and man of action, finest flower of the Gentlemen-Adventurers, was beheaded after he had been imprisoned in the Tower of London for twelve years on an unproven charge. On the scaffold he felt the keen edge of

the axe and said—"This is sharp medicine; but a sound cure for all diseases." Raleigh, had he been a better poet, and had he loved Althea instead of Elizabeth, might have written Lovelace's "To Althea from Prison," that song of spiritual Freedom—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

A window has been raised to Raleigh in St. Margaret's, Westminster, by a group of Americans. Lowell, who was then United States Ambassador, supplied the inscription, which contained the lines:

> "Such milk—as bids us remember whence we came,
> The new world's sons—from England's breast we drew."

The spirit of Raleigh still lives, like the spirit of Dick's daddy. We must carry on: this is no time for laments. See, Virginia destined to play so paramount a part in the making of America, has faded away, and here is a tableau showing Henry Hudson discovering the Hudson River three hundred years ago. Dick and Hank watch the *Half-Moon* nosing her way beneath the

Palisades so changed in three hundred years, yet so unchanged.

This is followed by the spectacle of Manhattan Island occupied by the Dutch: then by a scene in New Amsterdam.

"Oh, what baggy breeches they wear," cries Hank.

"Those are the original Knickerbockers from which so many of your best families spring," replies Freedom.

Presently the boys are shown the arrival of the *Mayflower,* with the Pilgrim Fathers setting foot upon Plymouth Rock.

There is very little dialogue in these tableaux. They are addressed to the eyes, but the progressive events are linked together by the frank comments of the boys, and the sympathetic explanations of Freedom.

The next scene changes to England. Here the actors again become paramount. It is winter, in the year 1649: the scene is laid in The Mall, St. James' Park, London, and Charles I of England is on the way to the scaffold. He it was who, as a boy, had taken Captain John Smith's map of what he called New England "and dotted it all over with make-believe towns to which he gave

the names of well-known towns in England." Little did the boy prince think that map would one day become a reality—even to a New London on a New Thames, with Yale and Harvard deciding their annual boat race on the Thames of Connecticut.

After Charles I's death, England, temporarily tired of the tyranny and inconstancy of Kings, became a Commonwealth, under first-rate Oliver Cromwell, and later under second-rate Richard Cromwell, until 1660, when, tired of being ascetic and Puritan, eager for another experience of fallals and Monarchy, England called swarthy Charles II to the throne.

The tormented River of Freedom narrows and widens, flows forward and doubles backward, but the widening of the stream is gradually becoming more consistent and the waters clearer.

For more than a hundred years the fight between the great nations of the day for the domination of the New World went steadily and rudely on. In 1565 the Spaniards founded St. Augustine in Florida; in 1682 La Salle claimed for France all the territory through which the Mississippi and her tributaries ran; in 1762 France ceded Louisiana to Spain and so on, and so on.

In 1525 Tyndale translated the New Testa-

ment. Happy Freedom! In 1535 Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More were beheaded. Unhappy Freedom! Her River is now in a swirl.

In 1563 Hawkins began the slave trade with Africa, and in the same year the Thirty-nine articles were imposed upon the clergy. The River of Freedom becomes a dry bed.

But the historian who is seeking the broadening of Freedom from precedent to precedent through the ages need never despair. Fifty-six years later, on Friday, July 30, 1619, the first Parliament ever held in America opened at Jamestown, Virginia. On that day began the beginning of free government in America. It proceeded from the older Freedom of England, the torch of which had never ceased to glow, although sometimes obscured and sometimes apparently beaten out. The torch had been handed on by Sir Edwin Sandys, "a man who loved liberty." He it was who had sent Sir George Yeardley to Virginia, as Governor, and Sir George carried with him a document dated 13th November, 1618, which Virginians were henceforth to look back upon as to their Great Charter of rights and liberties. It was, in President Wilson's words, "drawn in the spirit of the men for whom Sandys spoke," and "it was taken for granted that the common law of

England was in force in Virginia as in every other place where there were Englishmen."

Thus the best of the Mother, the best of her Freedom and Justice was passed on to the Child. A sound idea of the wealth of their heritage had these Englishmen who founded the New World. "They had brought their religious beliefs and their forms of worship with them to Virginia, as habits in their blood, unseparated and undistinguished from their English citizenship" (Woodrow Wilson). Also they had a proper sense of their own worth, as well as a sense of the worth of their heritage. One of the preachers in the group that came from England in 1629 with the Massachusetts Charter said: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain out into the wilderness."

But in 1619, the year that Virginia received her charter, and toddled the first steps towards American liberty, twenty negroes were landed at Jamestown and sold as slaves. Truly Freedom, like Honor, has had her vicissitudes.

Religious persecution was consistently inconsistent. In 1620 the Puritan Pilgrim Fathers, owing to "the pressing danger to godliness," left England; between 1650 and 1660 numbers of Cavaliers forsook England owing to the pressing dan-

ger to the Roman Catholics from Cromwell's Puritans. So the world wags. And the New World, home of Freedom, tumbled all into her vast melting pot.

In 1628 the Petition of Right, a lineal descendant of the Great Charter, was wrested from Charles I. "That no man hereafter be compelled to make or yield any gift, loan, benevolence, tax, or such like charge, without common assent by Act of Parliament. . . . And that no freeman may in such manner as is before mentioned be imprisoned or detained."

Again the River of Freedom flows broadly forward. In 1629, eight days before announcing his resolve to govern henceforth without Parliaments, Charles I granted the charter which established the colony of Massachusetts.

But the New World in the west had to fight for Freedom and Democracy, as the Old World had been fighting for centuries. There were also enemies to Freedom across the Atlantic. It was the Rev. John Cotton of Boston who said (c. 1635), "Democracy I do not conceive that God ever did ordain as a fit government either for church or government. If the people be governors, who shall be governed?"

In 1635 Roger Williams was exiled from Mas-

sachusetts for his religious opinions, and about the same time in England John Hampden was being persecuted for attempting to be a free Englishman. In 1643, in America, Quakers were whipped, and Baptists mobbed. Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, the earliest of women Reformers, was driven out of Boston. In 1692 Salem put nineteen witches to death.

In 1645 Milton published his "Areopagitica," a plea for the Freedom of the Press; in 1670 Governor Berkeley of Virginia, who had been appointed by Charles II, said—"I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years."

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, and uneasy is the bed through which the River of Freedom flows. In the British House of Commons shortly before the execution of Charles I, the "Ordinance for the Suppression of Blasphemies and Heresies" was passed by triumphant majorities.

"Any man"—runs this terrible statute—"denying the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the Divinity of Christ, or that the books of Scripture are not the Word of God, or the resurrection of the body, or a future day of Judgment, and refusing on trial

to adjure his heresy—shall suffer the pain of death."

Who can wonder that the eyes of many Englishmen of these days were fixed on the New World so far away, that seemed so free?

Little cared selfish, self-centred, charming Charles I. The Tudor Kings had put England first, the Stuarts put themselves first, and so Charles went to the block and James II into exile, to France, and into plots and plans with the French to secure the mastery of America.

It is a pathetic and striking scene shown by Freedom to Dick and Hank that winter day in 1649 when Charles pauses on his way to the scaffold—to greet Freedom.

"The King is not afraid to die," says Charles.

To which Freedom answers—"No, little King, you are afraid to live." At which Charles the Gentleman bows courteously.

Then the noise of the carpenters completing the scaffold ceases, the Mall fades away, and the Map reappears, showing the passing of New Amsterdam from the Dutch to the English, under the name of New York. The founding of Pennsylvania follows. Slowly the State called after Penn creeps over the map.

Again there is a sudden change.

Once more we are in the Mall, but now it is summertime and all is gay, for the English, tired of Cromwell and Puritanism, have put Charles II upon the throne. The "Bauble" of monarchy has returned with its sheaves and shibboleths, its folly and its fun, and here is Nell Gwyn sporting with its present possessor—the merry Monarch. To them enters Master Penn, the Quaker; and Charles, to liquidate the debt of sixteen thousand pounds that the Crown owed his father, bestows upon Penn a huge tract of land in the New World, north of Maryland and west of Delaware.

"What wilt call it?" asks Charles.

PENN: "Sylvania, friend."

CHARLES: "A pretty name. I would *you* were more sylvan. Yet Sylvania is not enough. Your father, Admiral Sir William Penn, helped to give me back my throne—to him and not to you we owed this money first, and he—though dead—must have a share in it. Call it Pennsylvania, man, in memory of him."

So it happened.

So Sylvania was called Pennsylvania—after Penn. So Virginia was called after the Virgin Queen; Carolina after Charles; Jamestown after James; and New England after the old England, the little land set in a silver sea, destined to be

parted from her Child, later to be reunited, in discipline and in triumph, for good and ill, for better or worse, because she is bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh.

But that Union is not yet. There is dire and bloody work to be done ere the English-speaking peoples are ready to stand shoulder to shoulder on the fields of France and Flanders, "in the Day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all." Before that time comes the Child will have taught the Mother the real meaning of Freedom, and will have helped to fulfil Cromwell's proud boast —"And I tell you, for I know it, that with this milk of Freedom, England will yet feed all the nations of the world."

The Stuart Kings, with their cackle about the divine right of Kings, their selfishness and their tyranny blocked the way to Freedom, yet still the English people fought towards her.

In 1679 they wrested from autocracy the Habeas Corpus Act. "To the freedom of the press the Habeas Corpus Act added a new security for the personal freedom of every Englishman." Nearly one hundred years later, in 1764, when Wilkes was sent to prison, a writ of Habeas Corpus freed him. The prosecution of his paper,

The North Briton, first established the right of the Press to discuss public affairs.*

The Stuarts dug their own graves, and prepared the way for the loss of the American colonies. In 1684, under Charles II, Massachusetts was deprived of her Charter: in 1688, under James II, there was a general suppression of the Charter governments, and it was only after James II had been deposed that the English, having put William III and Mary II in his place, made that great step forward in Freedom known as the Bill of Rights, thus ending once and for all the preposterous claim to Divine Right. That was in 1689. It was needed. In 1683, only six years before, "The University of Oxford solemnly declared that the doctrine of passive obedience, even to the worst rulers, was a part of religion." England is faithful: she loves the glamour and prestige of an abuse even if it hurts. The Bill of Rights was the beginning of sensible royal government: it was the first victory of Parliament

*Some publicists spoke their minds quite freely. About 1860 Artemus Ward wrote: "I venture to say that if you sarch the earth all over with a ten-hoss power mikriscope, you won't be able to find another pack of poppycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America."

and people over absolute monarchy. "The right of the people, through its representation, to depose the King, to change the order of succession, and to set on the throne whom they would was now established. All claim to Divine Right, or hereditary right independent of the law, was formally put an end to by the election of William and Mary. Since that day no English sovereign has been able to advance any claim to the crown save a claim which rested on a particular clause in an Act of Parliament. . . . George the First and his successors have been sovereigns solely by virtue of the Act of Settlement. An English monarch is now as much the creature of an Act of Parliament as the pettiest tax-gatherer in the realm."

In the next scene we return to the Map, and the boys see Canada passing from France to England, and Florida also added to "the prosperous colony."

"And now," murmurs Freedom, and her voice is sad, "began a struggle between this prosperous colony and the Mother-land for supremacy. It was inevitable. Pitt, so beloved by the colonists for his fostering care of them, had fallen from power, and now only servile ministers stood be-

tween the colonists and their German King—George III, King of England."

The scene dissolves, and instantaneously there is uproar and confusion, and the delighted boys witness a roaring representation of the Boston Tea Riots of 1773—the not unamusing herald of the American Revolutionary War.

"The Colonies were in grim earnest," cries Freedom. "It was not the petty tax that inflamed these free men—it was the unjust principle of taxation without representation, and the people only needed a breath to fan their slumbering protests into flame. That breath young Patrick Henry supplied."

The scene changes and we are inside the old Parish Church of St. John, Richmond, Virginia. Patrick Henry makes his famous speech, ending, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death." Washington promises to raise one thousand men and "roar upon roar goes up as the scene closes." Dick and Hank, having been brought up on the somewhat partisan American school histories, express their disapproval of the English. Hank calls them "dirty pikers!"

FREEDOM: "Not all of them. All the best in England thought as the Colonies did. Never

was a war more unpopular. The King had to hire German mercenaries to carry out his will. The minority in the House of Commons said all they could to move this stupid autocrat from his wicked course, but in vain." George III hired Hessians for service in America which he obtained from his son-in-law, the Prince of Hesse. "Their treatment of women," says Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, "was the same as that suffered by the Belgians," and they poisoned springs just as their countrymen in the Great War have done. "The cruelties of the Hessians in America have never been publicly recorded, but letters and traditions survive that should see the light."

The scene dissolves showing the interior of the British House of Commons in 1775. Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox and William Pitt are making their memorable speeches pleading for the American colonies. Dick and Hank, who are now presented with a statement of the English side, the real English side, in the blood quarrel between Mother and Child, join the cheers that follow the peroration of Pitt's speech—"If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never!" Later young Pitt denounced the war as "wicked, accursed,

barbarous," and Charles James Fox clapped his hands at the news of Washington's final victory.

"The fight fought and won then" (said Arthur Pollen, in 1917, to an American audience) "was an Englishman's fight, and there was not one generous man in England who begrudged the Colonists their victory, nor to this day has one such regretted it."

All that was best in England protested against George III's tyrannical attitude. There were many other sympathizers besides Chatham, his son, Fox, Burke, Shelbourne, Rockingham, and Conway. The poet Blake raised his voice in favor of the American colonies. John Wilkes said:

"I call the war with our brothers in America an unjust, felonious war, because the primary cause and confessed origin of it is to attempt to take their money from them without their consent, contrary to the common rights of all mankind, and those great fundamental principles of the English constitution for which Hampden bled. Even the conservative city of London 'remonstrated against the American war.' "

In 1918 Lord Derby, the British Ambassador to France, in reply to a speech by Ambassador Sharp, said: "I say now that I wish to thank

America for the best licking we ever got. It has done us both a lot of good. We are grateful to you because that licking taught us how to treat our children; it is the reason why we have Australia and Canada, and even South Africa fighting beside us."

Hate is now gone. All passes. Love only is eternal.

Freedom, the all-wise, the all-comprehending, continues—

"The fight raged for nearly seven long bitter years. But it was a blessing in disguise, for it set your country free in time for her to become the mightiest nation in the world, *now,* when her might is most needed for the right. And England knows its blessing, too, for she learned the lesson America then taught her, and her free colonies gather round her as one man. The Lion and her splendid whelps are fighting for me now better than ever she fought against me then, and by their side fights bleeding France, pale Belgium, gallant Italy and war-racked Servia, and over all, my Bird of Freedom soars with power to launch the bolts that blast, as never yet before, for all humanity. Now we shall see the great ones of that day, sons and daughters of Liberty, greeting the 'Father of his country' at the first reading of the

'Declaration of Independence,' July the Fourth, 1776."

The scene changes to the exterior of the Old State House, Philadelphia. The great company is very silent, for John Hancock is reading the Declaration of Independence.

. . . . . .

"They've done it. They've done it," shouts Dick. "Ring! Ring!"

The Liberty Bell rings out, and the new United States flag is hoisted amidst deafening cheers.

Washington speaks: "We take the star from Heaven, the red from our Mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing Liberty."

A Homage to Washington from the eminent people of his day follows, at the conclusion of which "the Father of his Country" kisses Freedom, somewhat to the astonishment of Madame Washington.

"An old flame, Martha," he explains, "one whom I have embraced for years. It is Mistress Liberty."

There, amid expressions of delirious joy, Act II ends. Dick and Hank have seen America in the Finding and in the Making. Now, in the third

act, they will see her Enter the World, take up the white man's burden, shoulder the load of the Cross, give "everything that we are and everything that we have," so that the world may be made safe for the small, the oppressed, and the scattered, safe everywhere for all people—safe for Democracy.

ACT III

AMERICA ENTERS THE WORLD

From "Castle Garden," New York, 1860, to "America Declares War On Germany," April 6th, 1917.

IT is 1860: it is eighty-four years since the Declaration of Independence, and "These United States" are realizing "the dream of a land in the West where religion and liberty could find a safe and lasting home." Men and women read to-day, with emotion and with pride, the opening clause of the Declaration, that Magna Charta of Democracy—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

It is almost a sin against light, after this simple statement of Democracy, to quote Article I of the document signed by "The Holy Alliance" assem-

bled at Verona in 1822—the Declaration of Autocracy.*

"Article 1. The high contracting powers being convinced that the system of representative government is equally as incompatible with the monarchical principle as the maxim of sovereignty of the people with the divine right, engage mutally, in the most solemn manner, to use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative governments in whatever country it may exist in Europe and to prevent its being introduced in those countries where it is not yet known."

Prince Metternich, Austria's chief minister, was the moving spirit of "The Holy Alliance," a "union of the autocratic rulers of Europe against democracy." They planned for the restoration of autocratic rule in the revolted Spanish colonies of South America. After that, undoubtedly, they meant to attack the United States.

The first scene of Act III, which is placed at Castle Garden in 1860, shows the arrival of Im-

*The Holy Alliance was a league formed by the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia after the fall of Napoleon. All the other European sovereigns joined it afterward except the sovereigns of England and Rome. The league came to an end after the French revolution of 1830. (Century Dictionary.)

migrants—men, women and children, in New York. One of the Aliens, a haggard man, recognizes Freedom, and cries in his own tongue:

"Is it you? You, whom I have looked for all my life? Oh, lady of all my happiness and of my dreams! I thought I saw you on the great ship, but I was not sure. Here then—they did not deceive me—I meet you, Freedom, at last."

While the Aliens, in 1849 at the rate of 1,000 a day, and in 1913 at the rate of 4,000 a day, were being "fused in the greatest melting pot the world has ever known," the River of Freedom in Great Britain was growing broader and broader, and stabilizing itself.

When, on the day of the Declaration of Independence, the full-grown child threw off the chafing chain of her old mother, the River of Freedom diverged into two channels; but each stream, each in its own way, still flowed towards Freedom.

On April 6th, 1917, when America entered the war, and the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes floated together side by side on the tower of the Mother of Parliaments, the two streams surged into one channel, united again in the cause of Freedom.

The thoughts of one who crossed Westminster Bridge on that memorable morning went back to

the Moot Hill of the early centuries—the Moot Hill, crowned with the Sacred Tree, where his Anglo-Saxon ancestors met to make laws and to aid the village community in the pursuit of Liberty and Happiness. He saw, as he crossed Father Thames, Anglo-Saxon freedom flowing down through that mighty, meandering River beginning at the Sacred Tree, culminating at the Capitol, Washington, the Parliament Buildings of the Free Colonies, and the chamber in the British House of Commons above which the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack were flying. The River flows on now in a broad stream, east and west round the world, symbolizing the union of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, finally and forever, in the cause of Freedom.

A Tree and a River! Two primal forces, one static, the other dynamic, one growing, the other flowing, man passing on as they grow and flow, but his unconquerable hope and his inviolable ideals lasting forever.

England spent the three-quarters of a century after the Declaration of Independence mainly in fighting. Be sure that the people did not desire the disharmony of wars. It was the vanity of monarchs, and the craft, or stupidity, of diplomacy that brought about the succession of wars.

Greatly were they due to Napoleon's lust for world-dominion. Arm-chair strategists, and silk-hatted hero-worshippers have converted Napoleon into an idol, but the day will come when his lust for conquest will be regarded as little less execrable than that of William of Hohenzollern. The difference between them is this: Napoleon was frank about his desire for world-dominion, William lies. That is, he lies when he is defeated. It was to his dentist, Dr. Davis, that the All-Highest hypocrite said: "From my childhood I have been under the influence of five men—Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Theodoric II, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great. These five men dreamed their dream of a world empire; they failed. I am dreaming my dream of a world empire, but I shall succeed."

In the early years of the nineteenth century England had her back to the wall, not for the first time. "The aim of Bonaparte," says clear-sighted Green, "was simply that of a vulgar conqueror . . . whatever differences might have parted Whig from Tory in the earlier war with the Revolution, all were at one [as in 1914] in the war against the ambition of Bonaparte. 'Every other monument of European liberty has perished,' cried Sir James Mackintosh. 'That an-

cient fabric which had been gradually raised by the wisdom and virtue of our forefathers still stands; but it stands alone, and it stands among ruins.' With the fall of England despotism would have been universal throughout Europe; and it was at England that Bonaparte resolved to strike the first blow in his career of conquest."

How history repeats herself.

Nelson, and later Wellington, saw to it that Freedom should not be bruised, and enabled Pitt to say in his last public utterance: "England has saved herself by her courage. She will save Europe by her example."

Great days!

> "All is over and done:
> Render thanks to the Giver,
> England, for thy son."

Napoleon also received a shock from Jefferson. "Thomas Jefferson checkmated Napoleon Bonaparte," wrote Ralph W. Page in *The World's Work* for November, 1917. "He met threat with threat, force with greater force; he threatened Napoleon with the British Navy."

The unfortunate and unpopular war of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States (unpopular on both sides) ended with the Treaty of

Ghent signed on Christmas Eve, 1814. The "no annexations and no indemnities" clause was a swift step towards the Freedom of the world.

"When Wellington returned from the Peninsula with his 100,000 victorious veterans he was urged to take his army against the United States and wrest from it the Northwest Territory. He answered that the Americans were entitled to their boundaries, and practically at his command Great Britain made the peace that ended the war of 1812 on that basis. In 1822 he was the British representative at the Congress of Verona, and when the plan of 'The Holy Alliance' to reconquer the revolted Spanish colonies in America was broached he showed Great Britain's hostility to the scheme by getting up and leaving the council." (Ralph W. Page.)

In spite of the war havoc of that three-quarters of a century, Freedom advanced, with firm steps, in Great Britain. In 1780 a resolution was carried in the House of Commons to the effect that "the influence of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished"; in 1806, while Fox was prime minister, a bill was passed providing that the slave trade should cease after January 1, 1808; in 1824 negro slavery, in the West Indian possessions of the United Kingdom,

was abolished; and in 1833 slavery was abolished in the British Empire.

But Freedom had to wait for Lincoln to free the American slaves born in servitude.

In 1824 Lord Byron died fighting for the liberty of Greece. By that act he linked himself with another soldier of Freedom, with Lafayette, in immortal bonds. "Lafayette," said Mr. Chauncey Depew, "represented a universal conception of liberty hitherto unknown. . . . It was the birth of that universal idea of liberty which made us sympathize with Greece and help her, and which carried Lord Byron in his romantic gallantry to her assistance. It was the same idea which carried us into the neighboring island of Cuba for its deliverance."

In 1829 the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act was passed; and the Roman Catholic Charities Act of 1832 placed their churches, schools and charities under the laws applying to Protestant nonconformists. Thus, with a stroke of the pen, the rancor and bloodshed of ages was erased—and Freedom smiled.

The year 1832 also saw the first of the great Reform Bills which transferred the control of the Government from the aristocracy to the middle classes. This was followed by other Reform

Bills. Those of 1867 and 1884, to name but two, are "important dates, not only in this period, but in all English history." These reforms had to be fought for. Tyranny and greed still lingered, but the obstructions in the River of Freedom grow slighter, for the modern world had begun to sit at the feet of those undying rulers in the spiritual world—Pity, Duty and Justice. The voice of the people, the best of the people, was being heard.

"The abolition of slavery in the British Empire in 1833 brought poignantly home to some men in the United States the one matter in which America was behind the world. It was in 1833 that the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed at Philadelphia. . . . England had managed, as always, to be beforehand with revolution, but only by making a radical change in her laws. Between 1828 and 1836 she repealed the Corporation and Test Acts, removed many of the political disabilities of Roman Catholics, reformed representation in Parliament, abolished slavery in her colonies, bettered her system of poor relief, framed a liberal code for the reconstruction of municipal corporations, and abolished tithes. In the United States there were none of these things except slavery to be cleared away. The fame of America's reformed penitentiary system had

crossed the seas; and in 1831 Alexis de Tocqueville and Auguste Beaumont had come to the United States to report upon the system for the information of their government. It was that visit which gave us de Tocqueville's inimitable 'Democracy in America'" (Woodrow Wilson).

In 1834, in England, a new Poor Law and the beginning of a System of National Education were introduced; in 1846 the repeal of the Corn Laws made bread cheaper for the working classes; in 1852 the House of Commons, by a large majority, expressed its approval of the principles of Free Trade; in the legislation of 1859-1860 Jews obtained full Parliamentary and other rights. In 1859 Benjamin Disraeli, a Jew, a Jew of genius, later Prime Minister and Earl of Beaconsfield, introduced a new Reform Bill.

I will now turn to America and glance at a few of the events that made for Freedom between the Declaration of Independence and the year 1860.

In 1789 George Washington was elected President of the United States. "The acceptance of the Constitution of 1789," says James Bryce in "The American Commonwealth," "made the American people into a nation. It turned what had been a League of States into a Federal State by giving it a National Government with a direct authority

over all citizens. . . . The original House which met in 1789 contained only sixty-five members, the idea being that there should be one member for every thirty thousand persons. . . . The similarity of the frame of government in the forty-four [now forty-eight] republics which make up the United States is due to the common source whence the governments flow. They are all copies, some immediate, some mediate, of ancient English institutions, viz., chartered self-governing corporations, which, under the influence of English habits, and with the precedent of the English parliamentary system before their eyes, developed into governments resembling that of England in the eighteenth century."

We repeat, with affection, the names of the thirteen original States. What pretty names! Say them over to yourself in the order in which they ratified the Constitution:

Delaware	1787
Pennsylvania	1787
New Jersey	1787
Georgia	1788
Connecticut	1788
Massachusetts	1788
Maryland	1788
South Carolina	1788

New Hampshire	1788
Virginia	1788
New York	1788
North Carolina	1789
Rhode Island	1790

In 1800 the seat of Government was transferred to Washington; in 1803 Louisiana was purchased from France; in 1808 the importation of slaves was abolished; in 1819 Florida was purchased from Spain, and in the same year steamers began to cross the Atlantic; the year 1823 is famous for the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine—the doctrine of the non-intervention of European powers in matters relating to the American continents —America for the Americans.

In 1830 the first passenger railway was opened; in 1830 the Webster-Hayne debate in Congress concerning States Rights took place; in 1833 the American Anti-Slavery Society was organized; in 1836 the National Debt of the United States being paid, the surplus revenue was divided among the States; in 1837 F. B. Morse took out a patent for his electro-magnetic telegraph.

In 1841 Emerson's "Essays" were published, the beginning of America's ethical influence in England; Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass,"

Freedom's elemental cry from man to man, was published in 1855.

The year 1849 was marked by a great increase in the immigration from Europe to America, particularly from Ireland; in 1850 a Bill for the arrest of fugitive slaves was passed by Congress, and in the same year the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia was abolished. In 1852 the immigration into California from Asia was so large as to require special legislation.

The year 1861 saw the beginning of the Civil War.

As these are things that every schoolboy knows, it may be presumed that Dick and Hank are fully acquainted with them. Now they are ready, under the benign tutelage of Freedom, to witness the scenes of the last Act, grouped under the heading "America Enters the World."

In the first scene they watch the Melting Pot in initial action, and share in the fun. Dick and Hank are too young to have seen Israel Zangwill's remarkable play, "The Melting Pot," or to have read the mass of cognate and extremely interesting matter he has gathered together in his Appendices, and in his Afterword. Here is a table culled from Appendix A, called "The Melting Pot in Action," showing the number of Aliens ad-

mitted to the United States in the year ending June 30th, 1913:

African (black)	9,734
Armenian	9,554
Bohemian and Moravian	11,852
Bulgarian, Servian, Montenegrin	10,083
Chinese	3,487
Croatian and Slavonian	44,754
Cuban	6,121
Dalmatian, Bosnian, Herzegovinian	4,775
Dutch and Flemish	18,746
East Indian	233
English	100,062
Finnish	14,920
French	26,509
German	101,764
Greek	40,933
Hebrew	105,826
Irish	48,105
Italian (north)	54,171
Italian (south)	264,348
Japanese	11,672
Korean	74
Lithuanian	25,529
Magyar	33,561
Mexican	15,495
Pacific Islanders	27
Polish	185,207
Portuguese	14,631

Roumanian	14,780
Russian	58,380
Ruthenian (Russniak)	39,405
Scandinavian	51,650
Scotch	31,434
Slovak	29,094
Spanish-American	3,409
Spanish	15,017
Syrian	10,019
Turkish	2,132
Welsh	3,922
West Indian (except Cuban)	2,302
Other peoples	3,512
Total	1,427,227

And here is a poem that appeared originally in the Chicago *Daily News,* showing "what immigrants have done and do for the United States." The author is Mr. Frederick J. Haskin:

THE ALIEN IN THE MELTING POT

"I am the immigrant.
Since the dawn of creation my restless feet have beaten new paths across the earth.
My uneasy bark has tossed on all seas.
My wanderlust was born of the craving for more liberty and a better wage for the sweat of my face.
I looked towards the United States with eyes kindled by the fire of ambition and heart quickened with new-born hope.

I approached its gates with great expectation.

I entered in with fine hopes.

I have shouldered my burden as the American man of all work.

I contribute eighty-five per cent. of all the labor in the slaughtering and meat-packing industries.

I do seven-tenths of the bituminous coal mining.

I do seventy-eight per cent. of all the work in the woollen mills.

I contribute nine-tenths of all the labor in the cotton mills.

I make nine-twentieths of all the clothing.

I manufacture more than half the shoes.

I build four-fifths of all the furniture.

I make half of the collars, cuffs and shirts.

I turn out four-fifths of all the leather.

I make half the gloves.

I refine nearly nineteen-twentieths of the sugar.

I make half of the tobacco and cigars.

And yet, I am the great American problem.

When I pour out my blood on your altar of labor, and lay down my life as a sacrifice to your god of toil, men make no more comment than at the fall of a sparrow.

But my brawn is woven into the warp and woof of the fabric of your national being.

My children shall be your children and your land shall be my land because my sweat and my blood will cement the foundations of the America of To-morrow.

If I can be fused into the body politic, the Melting-Pot will have stood the supreme test."

And here is a statement by an Alien, Mr. M. E. Ravage, from his book, "An American in the Making."

"Oh, if I could show you America as we of the oppressed peoples see it! . . . We have glimpsed a vision of America, and we start out that, whatever the cost, we shall make her our own. In our heavy-laden hearts we are already Americans. In our dumb way we have grasped her message to us. We are not what we were when you saw us landing from the Ellis Island ferry. Our own kinsfolk do not know us when they come over. We sometimes hardly know ourselves."

The Melting Pot! The term will serve. All know what it means, although Mr. Louis Marshall has pointed out that "The Melting Pot," as advocated by Zangwill, produces mongrelism, whereas the Electrolytic Process, which he urges is the better term, produces virility.

In strict metallurgy Mr. Zangwill may be wrong, but in the hurry of war-time we must decline to substitute the tame term "Electrolytic Process" for the vivid "Melting Pot."

The British Isles, of course, have been a Melting Pot since the days of Adam or thereabouts. "There is hardly an ethnic element," says Sir Harry Johnston, "that has not entered into the

Englishman, including even the missing link, as the Piltdown Skull would seem to testify."

The difference between the British and the American Melting Pots is one of time. There, in Britain, the process has been going on for centuries: here in America for years. America has hustled—that is the difference. Since America entered the war, the unit of time for the conversion of an Alien into an American citizen may be said to have dropped from a decade or more to a year or less. Think of an Alien passing through a Training Camp, and then through the discipline, comradeship and ideals of the Front, shoulder to shoulder with a one hundred per cent American. He emerges a pure American. That must be the quick and welcome fate, through the intensive Melting Pot of War, of the soldiers in the following list, the result of a census at Camp Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts:

French	2269	Dutch	11
Filipino	1	Greek	218
Hungarian	62	Hebrew	385
Polish	726	Lithuanian	115
Slavic	52	Japanese	2
Syrian	36	Welsh	21
Slavonian	28	Ukrainian	2
Finnish	24	Turkish	67

Spanish	109	Serbian	2
Flemish	4	Italian	1354
Portuguese	168	Chinese	4
Albanian	9	Norwegian	37
Russian	356	Hawaiian	1
Roumanian	7	Armenian	59
German	625	Arabic	8
Bulgarian	2	Assyrian	4
Swedish	389	Danish	41
Lettish	5	Egyptian	1
Maltese	1	Gaelic	42
Bohemian	31	Persian	2

If General Washington could visit the camps of the United States can you not imagine the smile that would flicker on his pale face, and the words that would rise to his proud lips—"My soldiers, my soldiers of Freedom! God bless you!"

After this considerable digression, once more we join Freedom and the boys at Castle Garden Landing Stage, in the year 1860. They are shown the first bubbles of the Melting Pot, the early steps in the conversion of Aliens, seeking Freedom, into American citizens. It is a hustling, amusing scene, the humor, sometimes unconscious, being contributed by Mr. Ame. O. Shine, a reporter from "The Bird of Freedom," who attempts a flirtatious interview with Freedom. He opines her to be an actress. A deeper note is

struck when the "burning question of the day"—slavery—is mentioned. "We abolished the importation of slaves," says Mr. Shine, "oh, way back."

To which Freedom replies: "Yet still you breed them! Not till every slave is emancipated can your Eagle be the bird of Freedom that it stands for."

This dialogue prepares the way for Freedom's strenuous, distressed reference to the Civil War —"Brother fought against brother, and the record of that terrible war is only lightened by the glorious deeds of heroism on either side, and the unflattering faith of one as wholly great as he was wholly good—Abraham Lincoln. Stand very still in the presence of his noble shade."

The scene changes, and we are at the graves of the fallen at Gettysburg in 1863. Dark had been, dark were still the days. "In 1860, before Lincoln was inaugurated, seven southern states had withdrawn from the Union and revolution was upon the country. . . . And in 1863 Lincoln [man of insight] had issued a proclamation of amnesty in which he had treated secession as a rebellion of individuals, not of States" (Woodrow Wilson).

We hear the speech, never to be forgotten so

long as the English tongue endures, of Abraham Lincoln.

In awed silence the boys listen—"that we highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of Freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It is good to recall that during the critical days of the Civil War Queen Victoria said to her Prime Minister: "My Lord, you must know that I will sign no paper that means war with the United States."

The freed slaves pass in homage before their liberator. Then the scene blacks out, and we are again in the company of Freedom and the boys.

They are stirred, impressed, quietened by this page of their history. And Freedom says:

"So the Emancipation of the Slaves was brought about, in blood and tears, and America at last was wholly free! England, too, had been walking with open arms to me. Only in middle Europe I was dispossessed, and in my stead, Militarism, like a tainted foster-mother, suckled all Germany and her vassal-allies to a poisonous growth. Italy remembered Garibaldi, but Austria-Hungary, the Bulgar, and the Armenian-mur-

dering Turk, caught the plague, echoed the Hymn of Hate, and made oblation to the Prussian Deity. Oh, woe, woe! But at the first sound of tearing paper, England steps in."

. . . . . .

Here I pause again—unwillingly—for great issues are impending, and Freedom, knowing that her life is at stake, that the last great fight of all is near, rushes the boys forward to fateful August 4th, 1914, which changed the face of the world, brought the centuries-long fight between the ideals of Democracy and Autocracy to a plain issue, and cleared the way to a final victory.

Freedom was impatient of that half a century between 1863 and 1914, but I who have set myself to follow the courses of the River of Freedom must dwell a moment on the Freedom episodes of those fifty-one years.

Unrestingly England strove year by year, as if conscious of past neglects, to dedicate herself to the idea that all men have equal rights of liberty and happiness. She backslided and side-stepped now and again, but her face was always toward Freedom. Ruskin and Morris, Maurice and Toynbee, the Working Men's College, the Settlement Movement, the opening of the People's Palace in 1887, all were for Freedom, all followed

and faced her. The year 1862 saw the first International Exhibition in London, which sanguine men hoped was the beginning of the era of international peace, and brotherly international relations; in 1864 a European conference in London tried to settle the Schleswig-Holstein question according to Justice, but Bismarck was too crafty. *"Dat mot wi hebben,"* this Low German Hun had said to himself: on that he acted.

Another very important Reform Bill followed in 1867. "If some benevolent old gentleman," writes Professor Claude H. Van Tyne, "asks you with a sneer when England became our friend, can you not give him the soft answer which turneth away wrath, 'Yes, the exact date is 1867 when through the Second Reform Bill England became a democracy.' "

The British Education Bill of 1870 was a real advance towards Freedom, as were the Education Bills of 1876, 1880, and 1902; in 1871 religious tests were abolished in the Universities. Bills for the betterment of the lives of the toilers were brought in, following one another quickly. They were passed, not unanimously, for the Conservative element in the Englishman hates hurry, and is suspicious of the new thing. Here is the record: The Employers' Liability Acts of 1880 and 1897,

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the Housing Act of 1890, the Small Holdings Act of 1907, the Old Age Pensions Act of 1908, and the National Health Insurance Act of 1911. In 1918, the fourth year of the war, Great Britain passed the Fisher Education Bill. "This," wrote *The New Republic,* "places English education, the university problem apart, at the head of European systems."

Besides these and other efforts in domestic legislation, the aim of which, if not all healing, was always to bestow a greater measure of healing, Great Britain, chiefly through the imaginative statesmanship of Joseph Chamberlain, and the genius of Rudyard Kipling, and also through Froude's "Oceana," saw the deeper significance of her far-flung Empire. "Wake up, England," cried King George V. The old Mother responded, moved faster, and realized that she must reconsider the spiritual, as well as the material, responsibilities of her motherhood.

Something of the dream of Alfred passed across her eyes, aged but ever-young, and awaking from her semi-somnolence she saw that Empire has duties as well as rights, that understanding, sympathy and generosity, which are love, will prevail when arrogance and indifference fail. So the world beheld the Mother of Freedom giving self-

government to Canada in 1867, to Australia and New Zealand in 1900, and to South Africa in 1906, making them all free nations. Germany saw, to her amazement and chagrin, the result of this Policy of Freedom when, at the outbreak of the War, these great free nations rallied to the old Mother, and to the old flag.

And Germany, foe of Freedom, foe of the rights of small nations, discovered, to her amazement and chagrin, that Jan Smuts, seventeen years ago an enemy general in South Africa, is to-day a Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and the representative of the South African Dominion in the Imperial War Cabinet. No doubt the German Chancellor read, with astonishment and chagrin, the speech made by General Smuts on May 15th, 1917, at the banquet given in his honor in London by members of both Houses of Parliament—read and pondered over the following:

"We are not an Empire. Germany is an Empire, so was Rome, and so is India, but we are a system of nations, a community of states and of nations far greater than any empire which has ever existed; and by using this ancient expression we really obscure the real fact that we are larger and that our whole position is different, and that we are not one nation, or state, or empire, but

we are a whole world by ourselves, consisting of many nations and states, and all sorts of communities under one flag. We are a system of states, not only a static system, a stationary system, but a dynamic system, growing, evolving all the time towards new destinies. . . .

"Here you have a kingdom with a number of Crown colonies; besides that you have large protectorates like Egypt, which is an empire in itself, which was one of the greatest empires in the world. Besides that you have great dependencies like India—an Empire in itself, one of the oldest civilizations in the world, and we are busy there trying to see how East and West can work together, how the forces that have kept the East going can be worked in conjunction with the ideas we have evolved in Western civilization for enormous problems within that State. But beyond that we come to the so-called Dominions, a number of nations and states almost sovereign, almost independent, who govern themselves, who have been evolved on the principles of your constitutional system, now almost independent states, and who all belong to this group, to this community, of nations, which I prefer to call the British Commonwealth of nations. . . . You do not want to standardize the nations of the British Empire.

You want to develop them into greater nationhood. These younger communities, the offspring of the Mother Country, or territories like that of my own people, which have been annexed after various vicissitudes of war—all these you want not to mold on any common pattern, but you want them to develop according to the principles of self-government and freedom and liberty. Therefore, your whole basic idea is different from anything that has ever existed before, either in the empires of the past or even in the United States.

"I think that this is the fundamental fact which we have to bear in mind—that the British Empire, or this British Commonwealth of nations, does not stand for unity, standardization, or assimilation, or denationalization; but it stands for a fuller, a richer, and more various life among all the nations that compose it. And even Nations who have fought against you, like my own, must feel that they and their interests, their language, their religions, and all their cultural interests are as safe and as secure under the British flag as those of the children of your household and your own blood."

The stages of the River of Freedom in the United States, between the end of the Civil War

and 1914, are fewer for the simple reason given by President Wilson when writing of the multiplicity of British reform legislation,—"there were none of these things to be cleared away." Suffrage was given to colored men, in due course, after the Emancipation Proclamation, and in 1869 Wyoming distinguished herself by granting complete suffrage to women. Perhaps the outstanding episode was the granting of Independence to Cuba in 1898, a wonderful tribute to Freedom, that has a noble parallel in the granting of Independence to South Africa by the British Government in 1906.

In 1902 the House of Representatives passed the Cuban Reciprocity Bill, and in the same year an act was passed for the establishment of civil government in the Philippines.

So America entered the world—Cuba, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Guam, and the world saw Cuba redeemed, purified, set free, her face washed, her health restored, started in life. "Of a sudden, as it seemed, and without premeditation, the United States had turned away from their long-time, deliberate absorption in their own domestic development . . . had given themselves a colonial empire, and taken their place of power in the field of international politics . . . a Turning

Point in the progress of the nation" (Woodrow Wilson).

So ended, in 1898, "the parochial period of American history."

Attempt after attempt, brave attempts, were made, whenever matters of dispute arose between Great Britain and the United States to reach a settlement by arbitration—Venezuela, Alaska, etc., and as war was always averted, the attempts may be called successful. Indeed, everywhere, except in the Central Empires, the idea of Arbitration, and the ideal of Universal Peace, germinated in all finer minds.

And we must never forget that he who was once Czar of all the Russias, whose poor body, we are told, was tossed like a dead dog down a disused coal pit, was the man who made the Hague Peace Conference possible. In 1898 the Czar addressed to the Powers an invitation to take part in a conference looking towards the reduction of national armaments, and the establishment of the principles of universal peace. It was really owing to the prescience of that gentle, weak, ill-starred, unhappy man that in 1910 the International Court of Arbitration at the Hague decided the Newfoundland fisheries controversy "which had endured in one form or an-

other practically throughout the history of the United States."

On May 18th, 1899, the International Peace Conference was opened at the Hague. On July 29th the session closed after establishing a permanent court of Arbitration, and modifying certain rules of warfare. Germany, when she had turned her back on the Conference, sniggered. Germany was preparing for "The Day."

"The Day" approached, and, outside Germany, the nations were lulled in peace, content to be unprepared for war, because with a few exceptions (Lord Roberts was one) no one believed that any body of sane men could be guilty of the awful wickedness and stupidity of hurling war upon the world.

In England legislation towards Freedom progressed. During 1910 the House of Commons by a vote of 351 to 246 passed a resolution limiting the veto power of the House of Lords; in 1912 Oxford University abolished the rule restricting divinity degrees to members of the Church of England; in 1914 the British House of Commons was making a supreme effort to settle the Irish question. The difficulties were almost insuperable. It was as if Dick had asked for a safety razor, and Hank had replied: "If you get

this razor I'll fight you, and I'll make it as hot as I can for mother. I'll fight her, too." Mrs. Archer, eager to be just and kind to both boys, would be in much the same straits as the British Government in 1914 when they were again trying to be just and generous to divided Ireland, and again failing.

In the midst of this the blow fell, a blow in the back from the power that has devoted her specialized intelligence to backstairs methods: the blow fell, and the United Kingdom, the United Empire, the United British Commonwealth of Nations turned to face the marauder and murderer. Germany, to her amazement and chagrin, found her—united.

Now turn we once more to Freedom and the boys. We left them at the moment when Freedom was saying: "At the first sound of tearing paper, England steps in."

As she speaks the graves of the Fallen at Gettysburg disappear, and we are transported to a room in Buckingham Palace on August 4th, 1914. It is a brief scene: few words are uttered, but they are words from which incalculable consequences have sprung. Towards the end of the scene King George V steps out upon the balcony

and says to the vast, waiting crowd—"We have declared war against Germany."

There is a long, shuddering sigh of relief. A woman's voice breaks into "God Save the King." It is taken up by all below: those on the stage join in. The King stands to attention. Then the scene fades away.

Dick, ever eager to understand, asks: "What did you mean, Freedom, by 'at the first sound of tearing paper, England steps in'?"

Freedom replies: "England's honor, no less than Germany's, was pledged to uphold the integrity of Belgium. This 'Scrap of paper,' as she contemptuously called it, Germany tore up, and England—all unprepared for war—flung her 'contemptible little army' into Flanders, reckless of the cost so long as honor held. And what a cost! Of those eighty thousand splendid sons less than eight thousand now live out their shattered lives. Oh, pitiful indeed! But the sacrifice was not in vain. The mad dog was stayed, and France could fetch her breath to battle on, till, from the far corners of the earth, there came the free children of Britain's chartered colonies—Canadians, Anzacs, South Africans, with Imperial India, too, to swell the millions more the Mother Country raised to aid the war-worn line. Yet all, so

greatly done, were done in vain, had not one other child of mine, now tallest grown, stepped in as England did, as you shall see——"

The scene changes to the English trenches "Somewhere in France," April 6th, 1917.

It is twilight, the men are chatting as the roar of the guns gradually ceases. There is chaff and ragging, and one "Smithers," who, in the course of the talk, is discovered to be an American, wins with his frankness the sympathy of his Lieutenant. Suddenly a Major appears—"Great News," he cries. "Pass the word along—'America's In.'"

There is a shout of joy, and "Smithers," giving the Harvard yell, jumps upon the parapet. He is frantic with delight.

"Come down, you fool," shouts the Major.

"Not on your life, sir," screams Smithers. He fumbles in his tunic, pulls out a pocket Stars and Stripes, sticks it on his bayonet, crying, "Thank God, I need hide it no longer."

Dick rushes forward—"Oh, don't, Daddy, don't! Come down!" Smithers throws up his arms, falls back, and crumples up.

He raises himself up, looks right into Dick's eyes, smiles and says: "Hullo, Kid." Then he falls back, dead.

"Oh, Freedom, Freedom," cries Dick, "his

name wasn't Smithers. It was my Daddy, dying for you. It was my Daddy. Daddy, I saw you do it—'Hullo, Kid'—saw you do it! Oh, Freedom." He buries his face against Freedom's breast.

And Freedom, the Comforter, answers: "Be brave. Remember, there is no death for him. Though you may not see him for a time, he lives."

"I'm sorry, Dick," says Hank.

DICK: "I'm not. I'm glad he died for Freedom. When I get back home I won't wear this mourning-band any more."

HANK: (Awed) "You won't?"

DICK: "Never more."

Freedom prepares the boys for the next scene.

It passes in St. Paul's Cathedral where all the greatest in London are gathered to attend the solemn service held to commemorate the entry of the United States into the war. The King and Queen of England are there, and near them kneel the American Ambassador and his wife. Over them is "Old Glory" hanging above the altar, beside the Union Jack. It is an impressive scene of solemn grandeur, and martial music. When "God Save the King" and the "Star Spangled Banner" have been sung, Freedom, with the two boys, moves to the High Altar. As she turns to face

the congregation, the lights slowly fade out till all is dark save for the radiance that streams from Freedom. So standing she recites to her own *leit motif*—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

All else save the figure of Freedom is dark. Then the dawn begins to steal forth, and in the glimmering light, gradually increasing, is seen a procession of Freedom's sons and daughters, called from the ages to honor the world's last great fight for Freedom and Victory.

Suddenly all grows dark. Once more we are in the cottage bedroom in Westchester County, N. Y., and the new day is here.

Everything is the same as in the opening scene of Act I. There are the beds, the boys, the slats of the jalousies through which the sun is now shining, the French windows, open as before. There is Mrs. Archer, she is just the same; and Hank is almost the same; but there is a change in Dick. Of the three he is the one who has made a sacrifice, compulsory, not voluntary, the sacrifice of a father. The full meaning of it has now reached him. He remembers the dream. Dimly it has become a reality to him.

The familiar world around him seems a little unreal. While Mrs. Archer and Hank are beginning the day in the orthodox manner, he, stirred

by some uncharted emotion, wanders up the room, and throws open the jalousies into the garden, showing the great bed of virgin lilies shining in the sun.

He runs into the garden and pulls an armful of the lilies. His face is radiant.

Dick reënters the room. His arms are full of the flowers. Hank is steadily lacing his boots. Dick stands alone, in ecstasy, and recites:

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us *live* to make men free,
While God is marching on!"

MRS. ARCHER: "That's not right, child. It is 'die' to make men free."

DICK: (Excitedly) "Yes it is. It's live to make men free. They don't die. My daddy didn't die for Freedom, but lives, lives, lives! She said so. Didn't she, Hank? Didn't she?"

HANK: (Pulling on his other boot, his face red with the pulling) "You've said it, Jamesie!"

MRS. ARCHER: (Sitting on the bed, agape) "Well, what's come over you both this morning?"

The question is not answered. On her wonderment the curtain falls.

. . . . . .

"What's Freedom," little boy? Freedom herself has answered your question.

EPILOGUE

MAKING DEMOCRACY SAFE FOR THE WORLD

THE wisdom of humorists is proverbial. They can make laughter because they feel tears. Laughing through their pity, they produce wisdom, which is the child of silent laughter and unfallen tears.

Mr. Augustine Birrell is a humorist in spite of the fact that he was once a Cabinet Minister. Being a humorist, his silken asides, when he is addressing an audience, are shot with wisdom.

So, the other day, when, looking cursorily through a batch of London newspapers I noticed at the end of a column a brief report of a speech by Mr. Birrell, I settled down to read it, as one settles down to a potato "à la O'Brien."

I was rewarded. I came upon this:

"To the statement of President Wilson that we are at war to make the world safe for democracy, I would add that I should like to see democracy made safe for the world."

Democracy, obviously, is as great a menace as

Despotism if it be wielded by men who are unworthy of democracy. Those who have cast off autocratic shackles must enjoin that the voluntary shackles they impose upon themselves are true and taut.

Liberty is not license. Forgive this platitude. In these years of upheaval we turn for relief to the trite wisdom of the copybook. Who, reading day by day the unutterable horrors into which License, masquerading as Liberty, has plunged Russia, has not repeated to himself that cry of Madame Roland's—the ghastly, naked truth—"O Liberty, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Nevertheless the River of Freedom broadens; but the flow will not be stabilized until the individual, having molded the State into a perfect vehicle of Freedom, proceeds to the second, greater and much more difficult enterprise of fashioning himself into a similar vehicle. Not until man realizes that there is a service which is perfect freedom, that "duty is the common collective Faith," will the River of Freedom flow on unimpeded, swift and shining. Not until then shall we be able to erase from the record of the struggle that groan of Turgot's, "Liberty! I say it with a sigh, men are perhaps not worthy of thee."

Man, glimmering this, knowing in his heart that his goal is to be worthy of Freedom, and that nothing but his own selfishness can frustrate its attainment, has set up certain symbols for guidance—symbols which hide and reveal what he is unable or too shy to express. Those symbols are many or few, according to the insight of the individual! Some hold one or two strongly, others hold many weakly.

Project your mind over the past. A train of Symbols moves before the eyes, different in kind and in degree—Eden, Nirvana, Eleusis, The Thyrsus, The Vine, The Cross, The Lamb, the Grail, the Crusading Knight, the Shield of Chivalry, The Hair Shirt, The Crown, The Anthem, The Flag, The Salute. All express an ideal towards which the world spasmodically and sporadically reaches out, an incorruptible perfection poised above the muddy commerce of life, an ideal of happiness without alloy—Eden. So the wheel of symbolism becomes a full circle. The Eden of the remote past meets the Eden of the remote future.

What is this state of Eden, over whose towers float the symbols of freedom, love, sympathy, understanding, oblivion, renunciation, sacrifice, courage, endurance, patriotism and other abstrac-

tions which cannot be bought in a shop? What is behind them? What is the indivisible element, the unchanging Principle, holding all and expressing all? Had Nurse Cavell the answer in her mind when, with her last breath, she cried—"There is something higher than Patriotism"?

Permit me to dwell for a moment on two of these symbols—the Anthem and the Flag.

Consider the Anthem and its synonyms—the ballad and the song. The German is taught his anthem whole-heartedly: he is ordered to sing "Germany Over All" when advancing: he does it with the regularity of the goose-step. The American and the Englishman are taught their National Anthems half-heartedly. They honor them, but they rarely take the trouble to learn the words. They honor their National Anthem, yet no Briton ever went into battle singing "God Save the King," and no American ever dashed forward singing "The Star Spangled Banner." The Teuton is forced to sing "Germany Over All." The Anglo-Saxon, being a free man, sings the songs of his choice. He picks out from the thousand and one trivialities of Leicester Square and Broadway, picks out, with unerring instinct, such doggerel songs as express the heart of the Symbol;

that give, in poorer words, but with a similar call, the spiritual essence which has made the old ballads immortal.

In the first year of the war "Tipperary" was the marching song of the British—"It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there." When America "came in" the marching song of her soldiers and civilians was "Over There"—"The Yanks are coming. And we won't come back till it's over—over there." And when the Americans went "over the top" at San Mihiel they sang "O joy, O boy, where do we go from here?"

The Anglo-Saxon, being a child of Freedom, selects his laws, his religion and his songs.

British and American civilians, shy when any expression of emotion is demanded, are slowly learning to raise their hats to the flag; and the American soldier is quickly learning, what the British soldier did not have to learn, that there is no sacrifice of personal dignity in saluting an officer. He has been told that when a private salutes an officer it means—"I will obey," and that when the officer returns the salute it means "I will lead you to victory."

The Symbol of the salute is the Flag. It is a symbol of reverence and gratitude to the Choir

Invisible, to the great army of the dead who have shaped the land over which the Flag flies, who have given to it their dust, their devotion, and their ideals. The Flag is the Symbol of that solidarity which, in Renan's words, "is constituted by sacrifices actually made and by readiness to make others." We, momentary custodians of the Flag, salute it in their honor. The King Dies. The crowd cries, "Long live the King." They salute the Symbol borne by the new King: they do not salute the man.

The torn flag is hung in Capitol or Cathedral —at rest. But the Flag still goes with the regiment. It is the Symbol that continues: it is under this Symbol that the youth of the world is offering its life for Freedom.

I see in a vision the symbol of the Lamb washing away the sins of the world. For it is the blood of our youth that is saving the world for Freedom —the Lamb slain yet living, and ever young, as in the crest of the Knights Templars.

The Redcoat, once a sad sign of division, has gone; it has passed with all the world's false apotheosis of war. Khaki is the symbol of this war which must end war—Khaki, so quiet, so implacable; Khaki the reconciler.

How splendid are the rainbow flags of the past enshrined in Churches and Capitols, telling of splendor, pomp—and division.

The Flag of the future, to be placed in Churches and Capitols, should be of Khaki, telling of the unity of the English-speaking peoples, who fought side by side for Freedom.

The stupidity of a German king divided them in 1776, the wiles of a German king united them in 1917. The River of Freedom now flows in broad, deep stream round the world.

The Flag of the League of Nations must be of Khaki. It will be no Quietist flag: its motto should be "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty."

> "Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead,
> The fight that ye so bravely led
> We've taken up."

We fight under a flag, and under the stimulus of spoken words. Let us thank God for the spoken words *we* fight under. Read the following by President Woodrow Wilson, and by William of Hohenzollern, who will go down to posterity not as William the All-Highest, but as William the Fool.

The Kaiser (To his Army)	President Wilson (To the people)
Remember that you are the chosen people!	The world must be made safe for democracy.
The spirit of the Lord is descended upon me because I am the Emperor of the Germans!	I believe in the ordinary man.
I am the instrument of the Almighty! I am His sword,	There is something very fine in the spirit of the volunteer, but deeper than the volunteer spirit is the spirit of obligation.
His representative!	Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born.
Disaster and death to all those who resist my will!	The eyes of all the world will be upon you because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.
Disaster and death to all those who resist my mission!	The great duties of a new day awaken a new and greater national spirit in us.
Disaster and death to cowards. May all the enemies of the German people perish!	
God orders their destruction and God commands you through my mouth to do His will.	

What is the result of the arrogance, the selfishness, the cruelty of these and similar proclamations by William the Fool? Here is the result:

THE ENEMIES OF GERMANY

Russia, August 1, 1914
France, August 3, 1914
Belgium, August 3, 1914
Great Britain, August 4, 1914
Serbia, August 6, 1914
Montenegro, August 9, 1914
Japan, August 23, 1914
Portugal, March 9, 1916
Italy, August 28, 1916
United States, April 6, 1917
Cuba, April 7, 1917
Panama, April 10, 1917
Siam, July 22, 1917
Liberia, August 4, 1917
Greece, June 29, 1917
China, August 14, 1917
Brazil, October 26, 1917
Guatemala, April 23, 1918

These nations have enrolled as enemies of Germany, not because they have the will to victory through hate, but because they have the will to be free through love.

Is it any wonder that men, in growing numbers, realizing the effect of hate should desire to try, if for no higher cause than as a business proposition, the effect of love?

It is love of justice that inspires Wilson; it is the example of Lincoln that has given to his utterances that understanding of reality, which is the effect of spiritual insight. May not the abstract occupations of the world be divided into two categories, (I) Intellectual Exercises, (II) Spiritual

Insight? Modern Germany practises a vile variety of Intellectual Exercises: hence modern Germany. Lincoln had spiritual insight—hence Lincoln. So had Emerson and Walt Whitman. One spoke for the literate, the other for the illiterate. Each had spiritual insight: hence their influence.

So step by step we draw nearer to the right reading (so I believe) of Nurse Cavell's ultimate statement.

The Declaration of Independence announces "that all men are created equal,—"

Years before Voltaire had said—"Man is born free, yet he is everywhere in chains."

What does man of to-day say?

The act of birth, alas, does not make men equal. They are equal in the spiritual world, but not in the material world. Perfect Freedom, our aim, is to make the conditions of the material world such that there will be compensation for the serfdom of heredity and environment, from which all, in greater or less degree, suffer—so to train Democracy that Democracy may be made safe for the world. Voltaire's chains exist. The goal of Freedom is to ease those chains until the causes that forged them are lessened, and ultimately lost.

Man for the moment is not born free: man for the moment is not created equal, except in the spiritual world, in the City of God. There, in that City (it was in the fifth century that Augustine wrote "De Civitate Dei) where all nations must ultimately dwell, is the solution of the problem of Nationalism, that produces Envy and War, as well as Heroism and Self-sacrifice: there we may find the clue to what was in Nurse Cavell's mind, in that supreme moment, the guns pointed at her, when she cried—"There is something higher than Patriotism." She meant, I suggest, citizenship of the City of God. *"E la sua voluntate è nostra pace."* His will is our peace, and the world's peace, a world made safe for democracy, democracy made safe for the world, the brotherhood of man, the fatherhood of God, Eden once more—Freedom.

THE END

APPENDIX

THE VOICE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY

TWO CURRENTS—NOW ONE

(From Green's "Short History of the English People.")

Whatever might be the importance of American independence in the history of England, it was of unequalled moment in the history of the world. If it crippled for a while the supremacy of the English nation, it founded the supremacy of the English race. From the hour of American independence the life of the English people has flowed not in one *current,* but in two; and while the older has shown little signs of lessening, the younger has fast risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world.

THE CURE OF FREEDOM

(Sir William Temple in his Essay on Milton.)

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND GREAT BRITAIN

(From Thomas Jefferson to President Monroe.)

"The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. . . . America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom.

"One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the bands, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the one nation which can do us the most harm of any one, or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause."

BANCROFT ON ENGLAND

(By Ralph W. Page in "The World's Work," Nov., 1917.)

Even before we became an independent nation the spread of free institutions into the interior of this continent was threatened. Louis XIV meant to extend his autocratic sway over the region of the Mississippi. Pitt, on the other hand, believed in colonies of freemen as opposed to the colonial system of the European monarchies. When he took the reins of government the war in America was to settle the fate of the continent—whether the great interior of America was to become a feudal colony of the French king or commonwealths of freemen. The fall of Quebec ended the menace of the French king for the time and the free institutions controlled the continent. This was the first round in the struggle to extend freedom to the Mississippi Valley. But the king of England did not understand either England or America and began his long and disastrous effort to build up the "royal prerogative." The means he tried was the Stamp Act.

"It is the glory of England," says our great historian Bancroft, "that the rightfulness of the Stamp Act was in England itself a subject of dispute. It could have been nowhere else. The king of France taxed the French colonies as a matter of course; the king of Spain collected a revenue by his own will in Mexico and Peru, in Cuba and Porto Rico, and wherever he ruled; the States General of the Netherlands had no constitutional scruples about impos-

ing duties on their outlying possessions. To England exclusively belongs the honor that between her and her colonies the question of right could arise; it is still more to her glory, as well as to her happiness and freedom, that on that contest her success was not possible. Her principles, her traditions, her liberty, her constitution, all forbade that arbitrary rule should become her characteristic."

In the struggle between freedom and the king business the revolutionists in the colonies and the supporters of liberty in England fought King George, the colonists on the field of battle and the English in Parliament.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN ON AMERICA

(By Ralph W. Page in "The World's Work.")

A firm believer in American and British coöperation in the defence of free institutions, a belief which he often expressed. Partially at a suggestion from John Hay, Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, made the following reciprocal expression in a speech on May 1, 1898, at a time when the Kaiser was endeavoring to organize the forces of European autocracy against us: "What is our next duty? It is to establish and to maintain bonds of permanent amity with our kinsmen across the Atlantic. There is a powerful and a generous nation. They speak our language. They are bred of our race. Their laws, their literature, their standpoint upon every question, are the same as ours. Their feeling, their interests in the cause of humanity and the peaceful developments of the world,

are identical with ours. I don't know what the future has in store for us; I don't know what arrangements may be possible with us; but this I do know and feel, that the closer, the more cordial, the fuller, and the more definite these arrangements are, with the consent of both peoples, the better it will be for both and for the world—and I even go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if, in a great and noble cause, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

. . . . . .

Until within one year the mass of the people of our country have not only taken no interest in foreign affairs, but as a plain matter of fact have been fostered by noble representatives of the people campaigning for Congress in the belief that they were superior and apart from such concerns. If this was not true, it would be a matter of common information and not an object of incredulous surprise that for a hundred years the American continent has been protected from aggression by the joint action and understanding of Great Britain and the United States.

"OUR DEBT TO ENGLAND"

(By Professor H. Van Tyne in "Democracy's Educational Problem.")

Except in our better colleges and universities the extent of our debt to England for most of the institutions which dominate in our republic has not been taught. Here and

there in our grade and high schools a teacher of exceptional equipment has told his pupils of our indebtedness. But the leaven has not penetrated far. We have as a people taken unnoticed as the air we breathe the institutions of representative Government; trial by jury; no taxation without representation, habeas corpus, right of public assembly and of protest, free press, free speech and right of petition—rights that have all been created and developed by the English speaking race. Many Americans seem to think that in some mysterious way Thomas Jefferson, George Washington and Patrick Henry invented them one morning before breakfast. We have taught the American youth all too little about the foundations of their liberty. The story of the blood and suffering of the builders, of the tempest that raged them while they built, of the martyrs who were the architects of those foundations. This history has been too little told. Autocrats see to it that their people are impressed with their rulers' virtues and those of their ancestors, but democracies leave their citizens to take their liberties as they do the air they breathe. Republics are ungrateful only because there is nobody whose interest it is to inculcate that gratitude. Can we not henceforth teach our youth that it is not the "flag that makes us free," but the heroic struggles of Englishmen and of our American ancestors who took up the struggle on this side of the Atlantic? We must have the story of that struggle graven deep in the mind of every boy and girl in America.

"THE BETTER PART OF OUR WORK LIES BEFORE US"

(By H. G. Wells. Conclusion of "Joan and Peter.")

"I tell you there is no race and no tradition in the whole world that I would change for my English race and tradition. I do not mean this little Buckingham Palace and Westminster system here that began yesterday and will end to-morrow, I mean the great race and tradition of the English that is spread all over the earth, the tradition of Shakespeare and Milton, of Newton and Bacon, of Runnymede and Agincourt; it is in Washington and New York and Christchurch and Sydney, just as much as it is in Pelham Ford. . . . Upon us more than any other single people rests for a time the burden of human destiny. France is the spear head, but we are the shaft. If we fail, mankind may fail. We English have made the greatest empire that the world has ever seen; across the Atlantic we have also made the greatest republic. And these are but phases in our task. The better part of our work still lies before us.

"Well, the time has come for our people now to go on from Empire and from Monroe Doctrine, great as these ideas have been, to something still greater, the time has come for us to hold out our hands to every man in the world who is ready for a disciplined freedom. The German has dreamt of setting up a Cæsar over the whole world. Against that we have to set up a disciplined world freedom. . . ."

THE SAFETY OF THE WORLD

(By Dr. Walter H. Page when Ambassador to Great Britain.)

"In no spirit of pride, but in a spirit of solemn obligation to ourselves and the rest of the world, we might as well frankly recognize that upon the English-speaking peoples depends hereafter the safety of the world."

A HOMESICK AMBASSADOR

(From "The Christian Science Monitor.")

The men whose forefathers had fought the Danes, in the days of Alfred, who had helped to man the ships that drove the Great Armada through the Narrow Seas, who had marched under the flag of Great Britain when Marlborough crumbled the pretensions of Louis the Great in the dust, were not to be frightened by the boasts of a German ambassador in Washington. They understood the cost, they realized the meaning of the struggle which was before them, but they were equally confident of victory. It would be perfectly safe to say that there has not been one moment, since the great war began, when the Anglo-Saxons, on either side of the Atlantic, have doubted the end. It took a German King to separate Anglo-Saxondom into the American and the Briton, and now it has taken a German Emperor to heal the wound.

In the whole of the literature of the war it is doubtful if there is a more striking passage than that in which Mr. Brand Whitlock, the minister of the United States to the Court at Brussels, has described his visit to the German front, in the early days of the fighting, and the thoughts which filled his mind as, sitting in the most advanced trench, and looking through a slit which showed him meadows filled with daisies, bluets, and poppies, he could see, barely 200 yards away, the low line of the sand bags which marked the English trenches. And so, he writes, "those were the English, only 200 yards away, the men whose tongue I spoke, whose thoughts I thought, whose traditions, ideals, hopes, I shared, as though they were mine own people. I peered a long time, feeling strange, lonely, homesick, in the trench where I did not belong."

LABOR SPEAKS

(By Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.)

"Those who have lived by the sword must be destroyed by the sword. I do not regret that the war has come, for never otherwise could the democratic nations have become so thoroughly united."

COMMONWEALTH

(From "The Daily Chronicle," London, England.)

Lovers of good words will support General Smuts and the Master of Balliol in their proposal to substitute the

term "British Commonwealth" for "British Empire." But it is very certain that the jingoes will object, and we may see renewed the fierce strife that broke out in the 'seventies when Disraeli, to the delight of the Queen and the disgust of the Radicals, proposed to swell the pomp of the Royal title by adding to it the words "Empress of India." But "Commonwealth" was used by Shakespeare, and a word that was good enough for him should satisfy his countrymen.

"THE BALANCE OF POWER"

(From a speech by Augustine Birrell.)

This is no Foreign Office war. I confess I have very little affection for our Foreign Office. Like an old fever hospital, it is full of the germs of dead wars and torn-up treaties. When you penetrate—God forbid you ever should—the innermost chamber, I daresay you will find sitting on a moth-eaten throne the mouldy, but not yet moribund, military "balance of power."

We are not fighting for Foreign Office ideals, or for the balance of power, or for strategic boundaries, but for those high ideals and those pure aims which at the beginning of the war were all assented to and stated over and over again in the solemn speeches of our great leaders. We have in President Wilson a tower of strength and an arsenal of clean weapons.

THE SOLDIER'S "CITY OF GOD"

(H. W. M. in the London "Nation.")

I am convinced that as the armies return home, they will gradually disinfect each nation of the poison of race-hatred that corrodes it. They have seen death, not talked of it; met it in months of waiting misery, and in moments of fierce excitement; never with the Idealogue's notion that war in itself could be good. I believe, therefore, that if the politician can contrive a peace, the fighting man will keep it and make it real and lasting. Even now the understanding of the war proceeds not from churches or studies, but from thousands of hospital beds and miles of sodden, stinking trench. Speech will follow later, and I believe it will come as a deliverance from evil. "Do not fear" (writes one of these men) "that the life of the spirit is dying in us, nor that hope or energy will be spent. To some few of us at any rate the hope of helping to found some 'city of God' carries us away from these present horrors, and beyond the graver intolerance of thought as we see it in our papers. We shall not faint, and the energy and endurance we have used here on an odious task we shall be able to redouble in the creative work that peace will bring to do."

"I LAY IT DOWN OF MYSELF"

(From "The Congregationalist and Advance.")

O lads of America and France, of Great Britain and Italy, who have fallen in this crusade for freedom, how

little till now did we appreciate either you or the liberty of whose rich fruits we were partaking in our years of peace and ease and prosperity! Almost oblivious were we then of the cost to those who at Runnymede and Waterloo and Yorktown and Gettysburg and Santiago and at the Marne and Somme hazarded their all in behalf of liberty!

We see, as we never saw before, how much it has cost, is costing and will always cost in terms of sweat and blood, and of total self-surrender, to obtain and perpetuate the Christian home, the free state, the free church and civilization itself.

But one comfort, as these dear graves multiply in this land and in lands overseas, is that there rest the worn-out earthly garments of many a heroic soul who could say with Jesus Christ concerning their offering of life on liberty's altar, "No one taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself."

And our hope and theirs is that some day and, please God, some day soon, it will not require the maintenance of vast armies and navies to preserve and diffuse freedom among men.

But liberty will always be a costly commodity and to get it and to keep it every generation must be ready to pay the price.

LOVE VERSUS HATE

(From the London "Nation.")

But it is not among those who have suffered most cruelly or where comprehension of the tragedy is most profound

that I find the hatred which appals. For in suffering, as in knowledge, there is something that transcends personal emotion and unites the soul to the suffering and wisdom of God. I find it rather among those who, having no outlet in suffering or in action, seem to discover in hatred the sensation of activity which they have missed elsewhere. They are to be pitied, for they also are seeking a union with their kind, though by a path on which it cannot be found. Nevertheless, the contagion of their spirit is deadly. You do not help yourselves, or your country, or your soldiers, by hating, but only by loving and striving to be more lovable. *"Pone te ipsum in pace, et tum poteris alios pacificare."*

THAT SOBER FREEDOM

(Alfred Tennyson in "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.")

"That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings."

KINGS

(Phoebe Crosby Allmuth in "The New Republic.")

What is this talk of overthrowing kings?
Monstrous!
Have we not all smelt rain
On new ploughed earth?
Are we not all kings?

TO ENGLAND

(By William Blakewell Wharton in "Scribner's Magazine.")

Mother, we come from beyond the sea,
  Whom you bore in the distant past,
Unloving children of thine were we,
  But flesh of thy flesh at the last.

We came not for thy deep bruised breast,
  For the pain in thy valiant cry,
But we come at last for our own soul's rest
  Lest the soul of England die.

Now from camp and from keen gray fleet
  Our war flags also fly,
You hear the throb of our marching feet—
  Mother! Thy sons are nigh.

Now in the watch for morning dim,
  Through the beats of the shrapnel's drum,
You hear the surge of our battle hymn—
  Mother! We come! We come!

THE SOLDIER

(By Rupert Brooke.)

If I should die, think only this of me:
  That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
  In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
  Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
  Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
  A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
    Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
  And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness
    In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

POETS SLAIN

(From a London newspaper.)

[*To Rupert Brooke and others.*]

"They are gone before us to take their quarters in Heaven, following their great Captain Christ, Who hath made the way open for them."—Col. Monro, A. D. 1634.

SPORTSMEN IN PARADISE

(By Tipuca in "The Westminster Gazette.")

They left the fury of the fight
  And they were tired.
The gates of Heaven were open quite,
  Unguarded and unwired.
There was no sound of any gun,
  The land was still and green;
Wide hills lay silent in the sun,
  Blue valleys slept between.

They saw far off a little wood
  Stand up against the sky.
Knee-deep in grass a great tree stood—
  Some lazy cows went by.
There were some rooks sailed overhead,
  And once a church-bell pealed
"God! but it's England," some one said,
  "And there's a cricket-field!"

A PETITION

(By R. E. Vernede (written from the Trenches) in the London "Times.")

All that a man might ask, thou hast given me, England,
  Birth-right and happy childhood's long hearts-ease,
And love whose range is deep beyond all sounding
  And wider than all seas:
A heart to front the world and find God in it,
  Eyes blind enow but not too blind to see
The lovely things behind the dross and darkness,
  And lovelier things to be;
And friends whose loyalty time nor death shall weaken
  And quenchless hope and laughter's golden store—
All that a man might ask thou hast given me, England,
  Yet grant thou one thing more:
That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendor,
  Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I,
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,
  England, for thee to die.

THE DEBUTANTE—1917

(By Marguerite Few in the "Westminster Gazette.")

Just eighteen years and she has looked on Death,
  And washed dread wounds, and handled shattered
    limbs,
And sleepless, watched nightlong a passing breath,
  And seen strong men in agony: strange whims
Has humored, choked her rising fears
And worked the harder that she shed no tears.

Her feet that should have danced are tired to-night
  With pacing other measures many hours;
Her heart beats heavily that should be light;
  For her no acclamations, feasts, and flowers,
But the long aching strain
Of waiting some lad who may come home again.

So through the years I see her pass, sublime,
The shadow of her sorrows in her face:
Poor child!—a perfect mother for the race—
But old before her time.

THE LITTLE GREY MULE

(By A. P. in the "Westminster Gazette.")

No one asked what he thought of war,
How his conscience stood, or anything more,
But they took him to France, to stand his chance,
    It's all right—only a mule.

He pulled his load to the top of the hill,
A shot rang out, and he lay quite still,
"Any one hit?" "No, we're quite fit,"
It's all right—only a mule.

There is a field where the grass is long,
And God at the gate to right the wrong,
You can hear him say, if you pass that way,
"He's all right—little grey mule."

OBITUARY

(From a London newspaper.)

In loving memory of ————, who was killed in action ————, aged 20 years.

A little while—your grave will be o'ertrodden,
Soon the frail cross have fallen in the breeze.
No loving hands are there to tend and cherish
That grave in foreign soil beyond the seas.
"Somewhere in France"—oh, surely, my beloved,
Tho' sign and token all be swept away,
It is not in that land of desolation,
But in my heart that you will rest alway.

THE IDLE ARISTOCRACY

(From the New York "Times.")

"The Idle Aristocracy, if dead, has died for England."

THE AWAKENING

(By ————.)

"They that die for Freedom wake with God."

THE RIVER OF FREEDOM

ON GUARD ARE THE EAGLE AND THE LION

IN THE YEAR 500 THE RIVER OF FREEDOM, OLD AS MAN, ISSUES, REJUVENATED, FROM THE SACRED TREE

IT WAS AROUND THE SACRED TREE ON THE MOOT HILL THAT OUR ANGLO-SAXON ANCESTORS, FREE MEN, WHO NEVER BOWED THE NECK, MET TO MAKE THE LAWS OF THE VILLAGE COMMONWEALTHS

ONWARD THE RIVER FLOWS, BROAD AND RUSHING, WHEN FREEDOM RULES

AT THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE THE RIVER DIVIDES INTO TWO STREAMS

IN 1917 THE STREAMS UNITE AND FLOOD THE WORLD WITH FREEDOM

THE EAGLE AND THE LION, STILL ON GUARD, HAVE BECOME THE CRESTS OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

ACN

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